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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—A Canadian musical adapted by Donald Harron from Lucy Maud Montgomery's novel of the same name. The music is by Norman Campbell, the lyrics are by the Messrs. Harron and Campbell, and Gracie Finley is Anne. The director is Alan Lund. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2 and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

BLACK GIRL—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 10:30.)

BLACK NATIVITY—A revival of Langston Hughes' gospel-song play, directed and narrated by Vinnette Carroll, with Professor Alex Bradford and his Bradford Singers. A stirring and joyful evening. (Church of the Holy Communion, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 924-7820.)

THE BLACK TERROR—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

FINGERNAILS BLUE AS FLOWERS and **LAKE OF THE WOODS**—These two plays, the first by Ronald Ribman (with Albert Paulsen) and the second by Steven Tesich (with Hal Holbrook), make up the opening bill in the American Place Theatre's new theatre. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

FOLLIES—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FUN CITY—A comedy by Lester Colodny, Joan Rivers, and Edgar Rosenberg. The cast, directed by Jerry Adler, is headed by Miss Rivers, Gabriel Dell, Rose Marie, and Paul Ford. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 1. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 2. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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GODSPELL—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.)

EL HAJJ MALIK—A series of scenes that illustrate, in a non-literal way, the life and death of Malcolm X. They are performed with spirit and skill by the Afro-American Studio, a group of black singers and dancers, under the direction of Ernie McClintock. Many of the words are Malcolm's own. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

INNER CITY—A musical that sputters and screams but rarely sings. Directed by Tom O'Horgan, with a wonderful set by Robin Wagner. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JAMES JOYCE MEMORIAL LIQUID THEATRE—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

LENNY—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives

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COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Frank Modell, William Hamilton, Mischa Richter, Robert Weber, Henry Martin, David Langdon, William O'Brian, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Alan Dunn, William Steig, J. B. Handelsman, Dana Fradon, George Booth, Stan Hunt, Syd Hoff*

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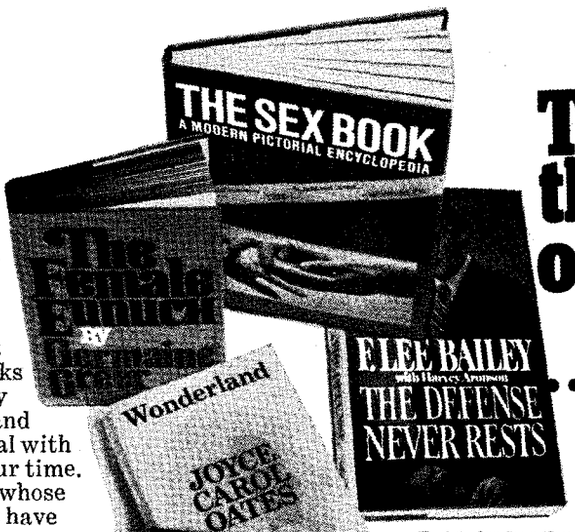

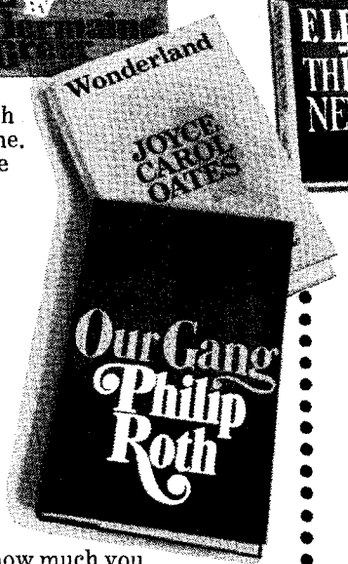

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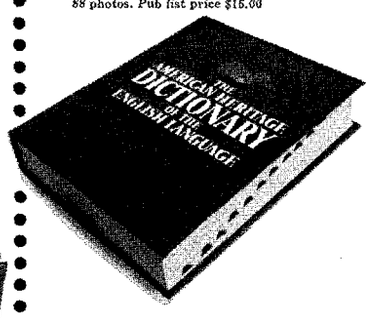

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Memphis Store-Bought Teeth—A musical with a book by E. Donald Alldredge, a score by William Fisher, and lyrics by D. Brian Wallach. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 29. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Murderous Angels—Conor Cruise O'Brien's version of what happened when the Congo gained its independence, back in 1960. Neither a good play nor, presumably, good history. With Jean-Pierre Aumont and Lou Gossett. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Nightride—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; New Year's Eve at 6 and 9; and New Year's Day at 8. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—An early critic of Ibsen complained of one of his plays that it was a series of conversations terminated by an accident. "Old Times," by Harold Pinter, is a single conversation terminated by the lights going up and then out—no accident—and it is fascinating. With Robert Shaw, Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

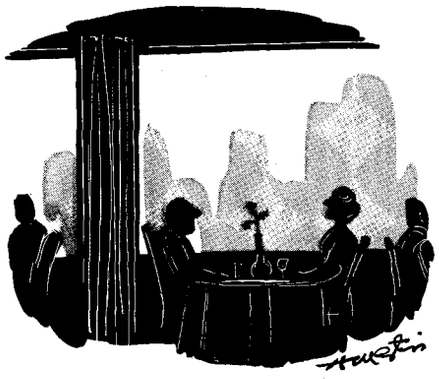
On the Town—Little remains alive in this old musical except the Leonard Bernstein score. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and Lee Grant and Peter Falk deliver them superbly. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Edward Bond's **narrow road to the deep north**, will be the second production in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Sty of the Blind Pig—The Negro Ensemble Company offers us its strongest cast to date in Phillip Hayes Dean's sad (and funny) play about the brief, abrupt love affair of a blind, wandering street singer and a spinster in her late thirties, and about much else besides. Moses Gunn and Frances Foster give splendid performances in the leading roles, and they are well supported by Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar. Shauneille Perry directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays



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through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

There's One in Every Marriage—The Stratford National Theatre of Canada's production of the Georges Feydeau comedy, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead. Peter Donat, Jack Creley, and Roberta Maxwell head the cast. Directed by Jean Gascon. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 1. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 3. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

To Live Another Summer—An Israeli musical. Bouncy and aggressive and ho-hum. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia plus Iphigenia in Concert—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—applause: A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **butterflies are free:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **company:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Vivian Blaine, and Carol Richards. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. May close Saturday, Jan. 1.)... **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** 1,637 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 4,855 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** 3,036 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **hair:** 1,541 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2.)... **promises, promises:** 1,281 performances so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **no, no, nanette:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **one flew over the cuckoo's nest:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; New Year's Eve at 7; Saturdays and Friday, Jan. 7, at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the proposition:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the rothschilds:** Musical hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)... **1776:** A musical misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 6, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Jan. 6, at 2.)... **sleuth:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Performances of **the nutcracker** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 9. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 1 and 5; Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 4-7, at 6; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 30—Tuesday evening, Jan. 4: "Paquita," "At Midnight," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "The River."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 5: "Theme and Variations," "Rodeo," and "The River."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 6: "Paquita," "Theatre" (company première), and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: "Brahms Quintet," "A Soldier's Tale" (première), and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 8: "Coppélia." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MISCELLANY

World Festival of Magic and Occult—A three-week engagement by magicians, illusionists,

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and occult practitioners. Not for children. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The benches haven't got any softer. Through Sunday, Jan. 2, comedian George Carlin shares the stage with Gun Hill Road. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Wednesday, Dec. 29, pianist Cedar Walton performs with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2, pianist-composer Bobby Timmons leads a trio. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Michael Abene, piano, and Lyn Christie, bass, provide the music. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One nearly foolproof way to see the New Year in would be to visit this cheerful restaurant, where, on the Eve, pianist Marian McPartland will be joined by pianist Eddie Heywood, singer Teddi King, and guitarist Anita Sheer. Admission that night by reservation only. On more ordinary nights, from eight until one, Mrs. McPartland displays her version of pianistic impeccability in company with bassist Rick Petrone. Sundays, from seven to midnight, Sammy Price takes to the piano, and it's all eight to the bar.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffeehouses have their ups and downs, but so far this one has had more of the former. Through Monday, Jan. 3, two venerable groups, Pearls Before Swine and the revivified Blues Project, will be here, along with a crew called Sweetpie. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers. Dancing on New Year's Eve.

GASLIGHT II, 116 Macdougal St. (260-0380)—Mimi Fariña and Tom Jans, who sing their own pleasantly wistful songs, also have the uncanny ability to make their guitars tinkle. They will be here through Monday, Jan. 3. The physical accommodations leave something to be desired. A cup of coffee sometimes helps.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Jan. 2, the dynamic duo, Jim Hall and Ron Carter, will again be suspending the audience's disbelief. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. As he so often does, Zoot Sims is leading a quartet (through Sunday, Jan. 2), this time with Roy Haynes as his sure-handed drummer. On New Year's Eve, singer Jimmy Rushing will join in. Light Italian dishes are available. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-man band takes over.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Spunky and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Tuesdays through Thursdays and with the assistance of a bassist Fridays through Sundays. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday. Closed New Year's Day.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, Babs Gonzales will sing with a trio whose pianist is the adroit Walter Davis, Jr. Thursdays, from eight to two-thirty, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Sundays are for folk music. Soul-food dinners.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, together, are thought to generate a whole greater than the sum of its parts. Through Sunday, Jan. 2, Roy Ayers, who has been known to use a fuzz attachment on his vibraharp, leads his Ubiquity. On Thursday, Jan. 6, saxophonist Charles Davis will show up with a quintet. Music from nine-thirty until two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Through Sunday, Jan. 2, flutist and reedster Yusef Lateef leads his eclectic quartet. On Tuesday, Jan. 4, Thad Jones and Mel Lewis (fresh from their big-band night at the Vanguard) bring in a quintet. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Junior Mance knows the blues, but he also can be fanciful or make you want to dance (no dancing permitted). He leads his quartet six nights a week. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp has charms, alternates with the regulars. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Without this little cellar, the history of jazz would have to be rewritten. Through Sunday, Jan. 2, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, one of the most creative—and sometimes startling—reed men around, is in charge of his sextet. The club will be closed Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 4-6, and then on Friday, Jan. 7, Dizzy Gillespie (a history-maker himself) will bring in a quintet. Mondays are reserved for the powerful seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from six-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Jan. 2, Howard Johnson will sit in on tuba. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of auld lang syne.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch. Activity until three-thirty every night.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

GRAPE, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Transmogrification becomes the old Yellowfingers. Now great bunches of pseudo-grapes hang from the ceiling, and there is a groaning board of cheese and fruit and things. The drinks, the sound system, the discs, and the dancing are right in there where they always were. Open from three on Sundays, from five other days. Closed Mondays.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Reservations are needed for dining.

NICO'S, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—A little of this, a little of that. When the records aren't spinning, an outfit called Rhythm and a singer named Susanne are performing. Supper. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday. Closed New Year's Day.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (during the making of that cinematic pound cake "Cleopatra," for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times nightly, some people known as Bourbon 'n Spice play and sing. Dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The small yet furioso Spaniard named Marcelo and his troupe of flamencans are taking turns with the love-is-all tenor of Roberto Ledesma. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Jan. 5, will be the last night for the nine-strong girl glee club known as the Golddiggers and pop singer Rick Daniels. On Thursday, Jan. 6, rhythm-and-blues singer Phil Flowers will take the stand. No silent night, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season again, to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Merely Tuesdays through Saturdays, however, for this enterprise; closed New Year's Day. But the **CAFÉ,** equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** is in midseason form, gliding along on the music of Burt Farber's and Mark Monte's bands. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, Roger Williams does recitals of his cocktails-for-two piano études. On New Year's Eve (black tie), Mr. Williams will appear only at twelve-fifteen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **PLAZA 9**, a revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven every night but Monday. Young though it is, it's old enough to have its own phone: PL 9-3933. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP**, which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. On New Year's Eve, there will be dancing to Sandu Marcu's orchestra from ten until two. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings. Dancing to Ernest Schoen's orchestra, from ten to two, on New Year's Eve.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Duke Ellington will withdraw his varsity team on Saturday, Jan. 1. On Monday, Jan. 3, the Stan Getz band will start pulsing and João Gilberto will start doing his Brazilian arias. Closed Sundays.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—The life style here is hardly the life of Riley, but let it be recorded that Sy Oliver has his taut, tense, tantalizing earlier-days orchestra on the deck through Saturday, Jan. 1. Music from six to two Mondays through Saturdays.

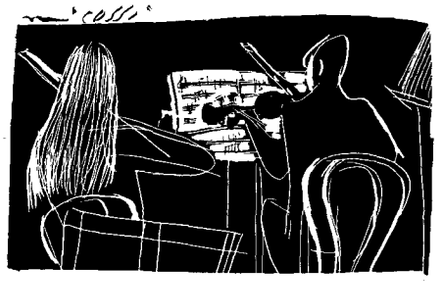
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On New Year's Eve, the **MAISONETTE** will house tenor Gordon MacRae and George Cort's dance band. Music from ten, with Mr. M. appearing at twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE**, across the way from the Maisonette. Gunnar Hansen, whose violin is part of the history of New York supper-club life, shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The aulder lang syne gets, the more Guy Lombardo pays his respects to it—this year as ever, on New Year's Eve (black tie) in the **GRAND BALLROOM**. Also singers Shani Wallis, Bobby Rydell, and the Bells.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short's wiry, wily words and piano, Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base (on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, Will Jordan, a wit of some distinction, will fill in for Mr. D.). His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sunday through Thursday, Jan. 2-6. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nine-



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teenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave., at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, Jan. 2-5. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Sounds by Bette Midler, a young cat who has two lives—one as a straightforward and most appealing singer of anything from ballad to bop, one as a mocker of all girls who do songs of these sorts straightforwardly. Closed Sundays. . . . **IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268): Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance*. George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays—to two-thirty on New Year's Eve) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven). Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F. B. I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): The second edition of the foregoing, bound in a summer-gardeny green and white, with voice and piano, done troubadour fashion, by Jerry Scott, from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Goldie's New York and its Southern comfort are gone, but Wayne Sanders, part of the sound in that now-lost colony, is again at the piano, nine until two, in an abode not altogether unlike it. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of the pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day. Some are likely to close early on Friday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES

DOMINGO ALVAREZ—Illuminated glass and mirrored forms, architectural in scale; through Jan. 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ARMAN—Frozen garbage in plastic and accumulations in concrete; through Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JENNIFER BARTLETT AND TERRY FOX—Dots on enamelled-steel plates, singly or in groups, by the former, and photos and drawings dealing with hospitals and operations by the latter, who, as you might suspect, is in the hospital and may be out for the opening; starting Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Palley, 93 Prince St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty figurative bronzes and twenty-five drawings; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Jan. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY CASH—Small abstract glass sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Two photographic paintings of heads, each nine feet by eight; through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE DAQUIN—Expressive abstractions in

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tapestry; through Jan. 21. (Arras, 979 Third Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JAMES H. DAUGHERTY—Oils, pastels, watercolors, and drawings from 1914 to the present by this eighty-two-year-old artist who was an early painter of abstractions in New York; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JAMES DENMARK—Welded-steel sculptures, along with related paintings and drawings, by an Afro-American; through Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent abstractions in the "Ocean Park" series by the prominent West Coast painter; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

DON EDDY—Photo-realistic paintings of automobiles in parking lots, wrecking lots, or on isolated streets; first one-man show here by this California artist. Through Jan. 20. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG (1877-1960)—A hundred and fifty drawings covering the career of this famous illustrator; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RED GROOMS—A Groomsian tableau of Rembrandt and his wife, plastic landscapes with cows, and other figures and scenes; through Thursday, Jan. 6. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Figurative paintings and still-lifes; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JIM HUNTINGTON—Abstract constructions in various kinds of wood; through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

MASHIKO KIMURA—Sculptures in wood, alabaster, and marble; her first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 9. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Color paintings composed of diagonal and horizontal structures; through Tuesday, Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD LEWIS (1918-71)—Constructions in various materials, including wood, copper, and nails; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

RODGER MACK—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures; starting Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

PAUL MANSHIP (1885-1966)—Works in marble, bronze, and plaster from all periods in the career of this academic realist; starting Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MARIO MERZ—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of sculptures with neon lights; through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Weber and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MARY MISS—Two constructions in wood and one in chicken wire; through Friday, Jan. 7. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GEORGE MITTENDORF—Twenty-five lightweight aluminum sculptures drawn into the shapes of "S" and "U" by wires; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Her things; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RAY PARKER—A selection covering four years of painting by this abstract colorist; through Jan. 24. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, except Dec. 31, from 10 to 4.)

PAUL REED—Landscapes on unstretched canvas divided in two parts and fastened to the wall; through Thursday, Jan. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

REUVEN RUBIN—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and graphics by this popular Israeli artist; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

ED SCHLINSKI—Papier-mâché sculptures with a social message; starting Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

DIANNE NELSON TULLIS—Still-lifes, interiors, and portraits in collage; through Jan. 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL VAN HOEYDONCK—Chrome-plated figures representing the theme of the astronaut, also collages of women; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St.)

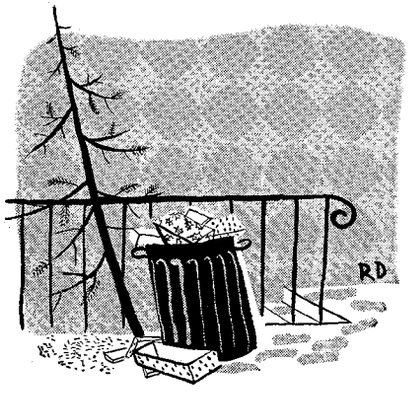
JOHN WESLEY—More paintings of everyday objects with a comic-book slant; through Friday, Jan. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSSIP ZADKINE (1890-1967) AND VALENTINE PRAX (MRS. OSSIP ZADKINE)—More than seventy sculptures and a number of drawings by the former, and thirty paintings by the latter; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the COOPER, 100 Prince St.: Watercolors by Joseph P. White and objects and correspondence by Luis Camnitzer, plus a work apiece by Forakis, Quaytman, Kuehn, and others; through Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... DANENBERG, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American artists, among them Benton, Archipenko, Marsh, Max Weber, and Zorach; Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... EMMERICH, 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian art and Navajo blankets, Sioux beadwork, and other art of Indians of the United States; through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... GORDON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An educational exhibit dealing with various aspects of printmaking, using examples going back to the fifteenth century; through Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: American still-lifes of the nineteenth century by, for example, William Mason Brown, Harnett, and Peto; through Friday, Dec. 31.... HUTTON, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 31.)... JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by the late Bob Thompson, objects and assemblages by Antoni Tàpies, and lithographs and plexigrams by John Cage; starting Tuesday, Jan. 4.... KNOEDLER, 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings on the theme of the American Indian; through Friday, Dec. 31.... KUHLIK, 23 E. 67th St.: Gallery artists; starting Tuesday, Jan. 4.... O.K. HARRIS, 465 West Broadway: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, photo-realist paintings by Robert Bechtle, enamel paintings on glass by Richard Roth, and cartoon drawings by John Fawcett; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Closed Mondays.)... PACE, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans, including Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, and Nevelson; through Friday, Dec. 31.... PHOENIX, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and constructions by two women, Fritzie Abadi and Jo Warner, and one man, Kazimiras Zoromskis; starting Tuesday, Jan. 4.... ROKO, 90 E. 10th St.: A homage to the Tanager Gallery, which occupied this address from 1953 to 1962. The works shown are by its artists, who included Perle Fine, E. de Kooning, Alfred Jensen, Lester Johnson, and Alex Katz. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... SACHS, 29 W. 57th St.: American landscapes done in the twentieth century by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Kline, O'Keeffe, Pollock, and a number of others; through Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 31.)... SHEPHERD, 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Friday, Dec. 31. ... WILLARD, 29 E. 72nd St.: American folk art, consisting of carvings, decoys, trade signs, and weathervanes; through Friday, Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; through Jan. 11.... ¶ The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years.... ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, house about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools.... ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth.... ¶ The André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments hold eight hundred instruments, the west wing devoted to the European examples and the east wing given over to the Far and Near East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1905-70), including his much-discussed series, "The Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10.... ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; through Feb. 27.... ¶ Twenty-five shaped canvases, monochromes, reliefs, and serial compositions by Robert Mangold, a Minimalist; through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Forty-three paintings, most of them religious in theme, done in colonial Peru by unknown Indians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Jan. 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, 15 W. 77th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to Lapland, representing both regal and peasant dress worn by men and women. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Seventy-five pieces of stained glass ranging in size from small panels to windows more than sixteen feet high, from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac, plus a slide presentation, with a taped narration by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe; through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of William Blake's art and writings, centering on five books done in illuminated text;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Six drawings by Albrecht Dürer, saluting the five hundredth anniversary of his birth and accompanied by a small group of sixteenth-century drawings; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ A dozen watercolor illustrations by Blake for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Medieval jewelled bindings and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 29. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5. Closes Friday, Dec. 31, at 3.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 31, from 11 to 5; Saturdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Twenty dolls of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including German Kewpies, French *bébés*, and early American rubber dolls; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Thirty Currier & Ives prints of farm and country life and sporting scenes, plus a sleighing tableau of the late eighteen-sixties; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

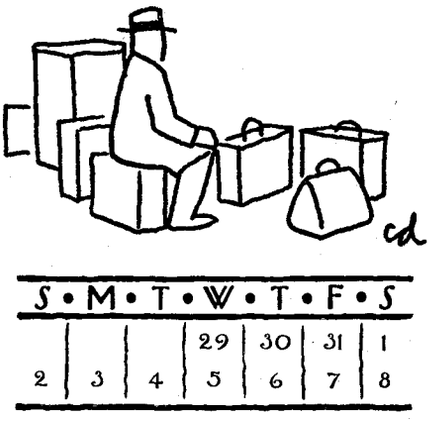
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, except New Year's Day, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Judith Forst, Lili Chookasian, Andrea Velis, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Theodor Uppman, and Robert Schmorr. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 3, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Shirley Love, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Frederica von Stade, Lili Chookasian, Paul Franke, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Pietro Bottazzo, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Berry.



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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Karel Ancerl conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30 (both with John Browning, piano); Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 3, at 7:30 (all with Dagmar Ledlova-Kopecky, organ); and Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:30 (all with Halina Lukomska, soprano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8:15.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting a benefit concert, with Benita Valente, soprano; John Grady and Donald Dumler, organ; and the Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8. Tickets are on sale at the rectory, 460 Madison Ave.)

Israel Chamber Orchestra—Gary Bertini conducting. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Theimer directing a holiday program. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2, and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8:30.)

RECITALS

Benefit Recital—A program of chamber and solo works performed by Joseph Fuchs, violin; Artur Balsam and Earl Wild, piano; Julius Baker, flute; Evelyn Lear, soprano; Thomas Stewart, baritone; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

Hilde Somer—Piano, in an all-Scriabin recital. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

Michael Steinberg—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 26. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:15.)

Festival Winds—An all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich and Vasso Devitzi—Cello and piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Richard Goode, piano; and the Juilliard String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 9.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

It's a Beautiful Day and the Mahavishnu Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8.

Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis—With the Bobby Comstock Band. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 7:30 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 30, at 1:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 3, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago.

Boxing—Bobby O'Brien vs. José Chirino, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 7:35. Rangers vs. Boston, Sunday, Jan. 2, at 7:05. Rangers vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Thursday, Jan. 6, at 7:35.

Racing—At **Liberty Bell,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **Laurel,** Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Jan. 1, through Saturday, March 11.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, Jan. 3, through Tuesday, Feb. 29.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Vienna Choir Boys:** Uwe Theimer directing a holiday program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 2.). . . **Light Opera of Manhattan:** "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 4.)

Stage Shows—By the **Actors Studio:** Free performances of "The Masque of St. George and the Dragon." (432 W. 44th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 4. For reservations, call PL 7-0857.). . . **Bil Baird Marionettes:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 29-31, at 1 and 3:30; New Year's Day at 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 2, and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **Salvatore Guida:** "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **King's Players:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 2.). . . **Rose Lynch Productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **Meri Mini Players:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2:30.). . . **Nicolo Marionettes:** "Aladdin." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call GR 5-0830.). . . **Pickwick Puppets:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Friday, Dec. 31, at 1.). . . **Prince Street Players:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Town Hall, 489-0120. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at noon and 2:30.). . . **Young World Foundation:** "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 2, plus Friday, Dec. 31; Sunday, Jan. 2; Saturday, Jan. 8, all at 1 and 3:30.)

Movies—At **Alice Tully Hall** (362-1911). Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 11: "Run Wild, Run Free." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 3: "Fantastic Voyage." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 11: "The Point." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 3: "Yellow Submarine." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 11: "The General." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 3: "Ring of Bright Water." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 2, at 3: "The Court Jester." . . . **New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle. Wednesday, Dec. 29: "Heidi." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31: "Escapade in Japan." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2: "Willy McBean and His Magic Machine." (Afternoons at 4 and 6. For information about tickets, call LT 1-2311.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Why I Want Peace," a showing of fifty-nine paintings, chosen from entries in an international children's contest. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Star of Stars." Starting Tuesday, Jan. 4, there will be a new

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show, "By the Stars of Gitche Gumee." (Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Friday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)... ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 29-31, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

POETRY READINGS—Diane Wakoski and Carolyn Kizer reading from their own works. (South Lobby, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the readings.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 29 at 2: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Ralph Meeker.... ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30 and Dec. 30 at 2: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier.... ¶ Dec. 30 at 7 and Dec. 31 at 2: "Lolita" (1961), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon and James Mason... ¶ Jan. 1 at noon: "Une Partie de Campagne" (1938), in French; and "La'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932), in French, no English titles. ... ¶ Jan. 1 at 3 and 5:30: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers and George C. Scott.... ¶ Jan. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.... ¶ Jan. 3 at 1: "Paths of Glory" (1957).... ¶ Jan. 3 at 6 and Jan. 4 at 2: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud.... ¶ Jan. 4 at 5:30: "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden and Coleen Gray.... ¶ Jan. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Night of Counting the Years" (1971), in Arabic, directed by Shadi Abdelsalam... ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "The Late Matthew Pascal" (1926), a French film, directed by Marcel l'Herbier.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 5:30: "Yvette" (1927), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, Danish titles only.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "Rien Que les Heures" (1926) and "Le Petite Lilie" (1927), both by Alberto Cavalcanti. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Flaherty, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Kubelka, Griffith, Jacobs, Hanoun, Markopoulos, Keaton, Jordan, Mekas, and others. Dec. 29 at 6 and 8; Dec. 30 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 31 at 6; Jan. 1 at 6 and 8; Jan. 2 at 6 and 10; Jan. 4-5 at 6, 8, and 10; and Jan. 6 at 6 and 8.... WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—On New Year's Eve, from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M., a free party will be given by the Parks Administration at Bethesda Fountain in Central Park; music, lights, refreshments, gift exchanges, and fireworks are on the agenda.

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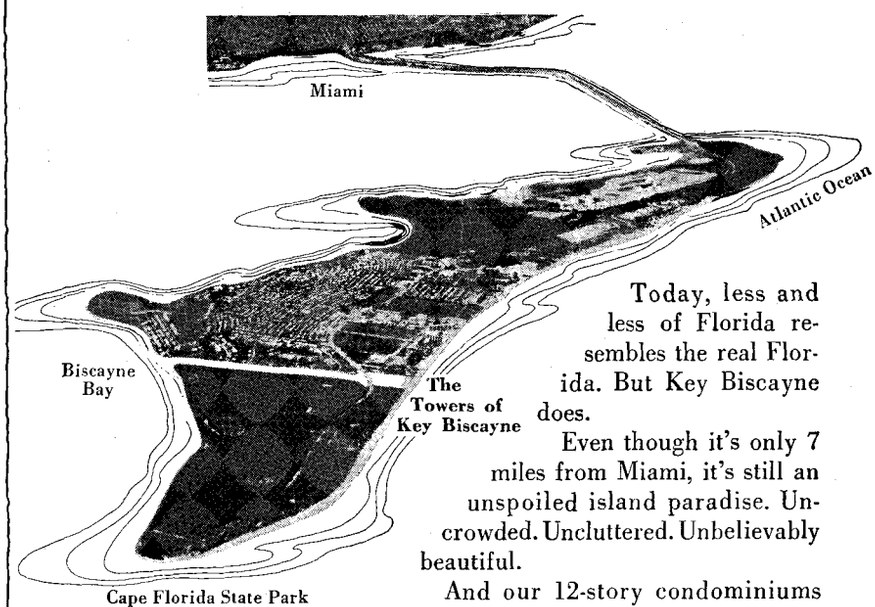

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Go-Between."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 1: "Show Boat" and "Till the Clouds Roll By."
Jan. 2-4: "Torch Song" and "Dancing Lady."
From Jan. 5: "The Harvey Girls" and "Give a Girl a Break."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 2: "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Fearless Vampire Killers."
From Jan. 3: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Carnal Knowledge."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 1: "Fantasia."
Jan. 2: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 3: "Dynamite Chicken."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The French Connection."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murmur of the Heart."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hospital."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Such Good Friends."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Harold and Maude."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Boy Friend."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Minnie and Moskowitz."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Happy Birthday, Wanda June."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Made for Each Other."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Boucher."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"$."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Lady and the Tramp" and "The Barefoot Executive."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 4: "Sacco and Vanzetti."
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Carnal Knowledge."

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Dirty Harry."

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"$."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"Kidnapped."

WEST SIDE

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Dec. 29: "Gervaise."
Dec. 30: "My Uncle."
Dec. 31: "Judex."
Jan. 1: "The Lovers of Teruel."
Jan. 2: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday."
Jan. 3: "The Shameless Old Lady."
Jan. 4: "La Belle Américaine."
Jan. 5: "L'Atalante."
Jan. 6: "Bizarre, Bizarre."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 4: "Desperate Characters" and "A New Leaf."
From Jan. 5: "The Butterfly" and "Her and She and Him."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 30: "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."
Dec. 31-Jan. 6: "The 400 Blows," "Stolen Kisses," and "Bed and Board."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Carnal Knowledge."

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

BIJOU CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Jan. 3: The Samurai Trilogy.
From Jan. 4: "The Seven Samurai."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Zhivago."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Star Spangled Girl."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Decameron."

PLAYBOY (formerly Cinema 57 Rendzevous), 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Macbeth."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
To be announced.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Made for Each Other."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Gone with the Wind."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 29: "The Adventures of Robin Hood."
Dec. 30-Jan. 5: "Before the Revolution" and "The Conformist."
From Jan. 6: "Rio Lobo" and "Rio Bravo."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Carnal Knowledge."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 30: "War and Peace."
Dec. 31-Jan. 2: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
Jan. 3-4: "Aparajito" and "The Music Room."
Jan. 5-6: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 90th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 4: "Sacco and Vanzetti."
From Jan. 5: "The Butterfly" and "Her and She and Him."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Buster Keaton Festival.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (New Yorker; Dec. 29.)

APARAJITO (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Thalia; Jan. 3-4.)

L'ATALANTE (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Thalia; Jan. 5-6.)

THE BAREFOOT EXECUTIVE—With Kurt Russell, directed by Robert Butler. (Juliet 2.)

BED AND BOARD—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Elgin; Dec. 31-Jan. 6.)

BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS—Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch, in a mixture of wizardry and ineptitude from the Disney studios; the picture is as uncertain of itself as the title indicates. Moderately enjoyable, though there are moments of patriotic sentimentality circa "Mrs. Miniver." (Music Hall.)

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the

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extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (New Yorker; Dec. 30-Jan. 5.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—Robert Dhéry and company have a high old time with a vast American car in a working-class corner of Paris, where bicycles are still à la mode. A practically perfect family comedy. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 4.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 6.)

Le Boucher—With Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—With Twiggy and Christopher Gable, directed by Ken Russell. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

The Butterfly—With Anna Kristina, directed by Alexis Neve. (Greenwich and Midtown; starting Jan. 5.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Gramercy, U. A. East, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckracking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin; through Dec. 30.)

A Clockwork Orange—With Malcolm McDowell and Patrick Magee, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Cinema I.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (New Yorker; Dec. 30-Jan. 5.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2-4.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Greenwich; through Jan. 4.)

Diamonds Are Forever—With Sean Connery as 007, directed by Guy Hamilton. (86th St. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Dirty Harry—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Don Siegel. (Orpheum.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Guild.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Tower East and Loew's Ciné.)

Dynamite Chicken—A film by Ernie Pintoff, with the Ace Trucking Company, Richard Pryor, and others. (Kips Bay; starting Jan. 3.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay; through Jan. 1.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible convulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 2.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 1, 5, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 1:30, 8, and midnight; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 1, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Jan. 3, at 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 4-6, at 1:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 31-Jan. 6.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Murray Hill and Juliet 1.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

Gervaise (1957)—A painstaking and rich creation of mid-nineteenth-century Paris, photographed to suggest Daguerre. René Clément's rather heavy-going film deals with the spiritual destruction of Gervaise (Maria Schell)—a destruction accomplished by her lover, who deserts her, and her gentle husband, who becomes an uncontrollable drunkard (a memorable performance by François Périer). Gervaise Macquart, for those who find Zola overpoweringly uninviting, is the heroine of "L'Assommoir," one of the twenty novels in the Rougon-Macquart series, and the mother of that corrupt little Nana who figures in a later volume (and many a movie). With Suzy Delair as Virginie, except for the scene in which Virginie gets paddled; at that moment, a dubber known as Rita Cadillac offers her bottom to the camera. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 29.)

Give a Girl a Break (1953)—An unusual M-G-M musical in that it is modest, but it is so modest that it has no particular flavor or distinction. Stanley Donen directed, and the cast includes Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds, Bob Fosse, and Kurt Kasznar. On the flat side. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 5.)

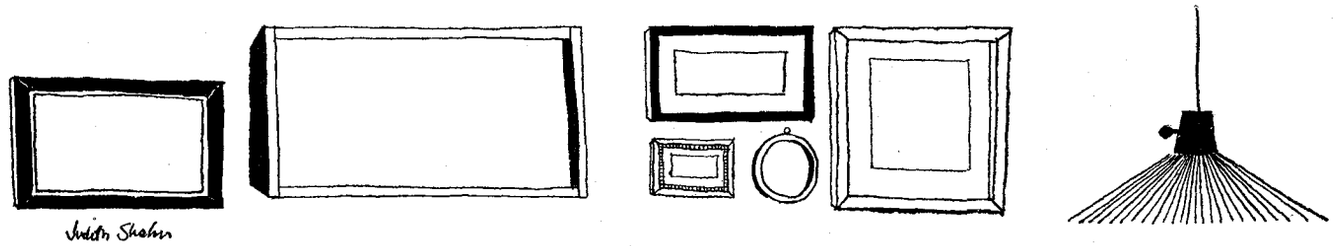
The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Art.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—Rod Steiger as the sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, adaptation of his attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Steiger's disastrously familiar paranoid rhythms push Vonnegut's florid lines over a cliff, and they splash when they land. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work, though the miscast Susannah York comes through as an able farceur and Pamelyn Ferdin has a few funny moments as Wanda June. Most of the time, it's like seeing a bad production of a synthetic, trying-to-be-clever Broadway play. (Columbia II.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet.)

The Harvey Girls (1946)—Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only) and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God knows what illicit pleasures in this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. John Hodiak was a bizarrely ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland, but the first-rate cast includes Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 5.)

HER AND SHE AND HIM (1970)—With Astrid Frank, directed by Max Pecas. (Greenwich and Midtown; starting Jan. 5.)

THE HOSPITAL—With George C. Scott and Diana Rigg, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Sutton.)

JUDEX (1963)—An *hommage* by Franju to the great Feuillade silent of 1916. (Franju would have preferred to remake "Fantômas," directed by Feuillade in 1914, and he crankily dedicates "Judex" to the Feuillade of that year: cinemathèque in-stuff.) What was a natural and wonderfully gifted expression of the technical limits of cinema in 1916 seems affected in pastiche. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 31.)

BUSTER KEATON FESTIVAL—A rare collection of silent features, each accompanied by two shorts. Dec. 29: "Our Hospitality." Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "The Navigator." Jan. 2-3: "Battling Butler." Jan. 4-5: "Go West." Jan. 6-7: "Sherlock, Jr." (Olympia.)

KIDNAPPED—Jack Pulman has drawn a trim, craftsmanlike screenplay from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and its sequel, "David Balfour." The director, Delbert Mann, keeps everything comprehensible, though he doesn't seem to know how to make the narrative stirring. Fortunately, Michael Caine, who gets better all the time, acts Alan Breck with a mixture of swagger and intelligence that keeps the movie alive. Caine is assisted by Trevor Howard as the Lord Advocate, Lawrence Douglas as David, and Donald Pleasence as old Ebenezer, a Scrooge if ever there was one. Not as exciting as the best swashbuckling adventure movies, but the feeling behind the whole production is so decent and affectionate that viewers may forgive the deficiencies. The exteriors were shot in Scotland. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

KING LEAR—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Paris.)

LADY AND THE TRAMP (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 2.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia 1.)

THE LOVERS OF TERUEL (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 1.)

MACBETH—The latest version, directed by Roman Polanski. (Playboy.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film a depth and conviction that make it the most satisfying comedy of 1971. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman and Paramount.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might hold it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Elgin; through Dec. 30.)

MINNIE AND MOSKOWITZ—With Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel, directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema II.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1953)—Tall, eccentric Jacques Tati stars in his own dry, light slapstick comedy about the ghastliness of a summer vacation at a seaside resort. A poignant movie, with a sweet, nostalgic score. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 2.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

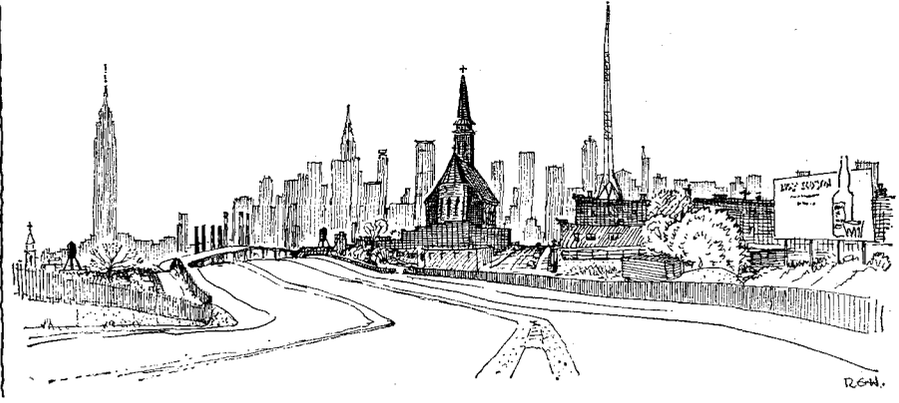
MURMUR OF THE HEART—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East.)

THE MUSIC ROOM (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Thalia; Jan. 3-4.)

MY UNCLE (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 30.)

A NEW LEAF—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Greenwich; through Jan. 4.)

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 1, 5, and 8:45; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2, 8, and midnight; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 1, 5, and 8:45;



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Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, at 8; and Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8. Reserved seats only.)

THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC (1927)—One of the few truly great films; Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—linked eroticism to religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Thalia; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

RIO BRAVO (1959)—Howard Hawks directed this semi-satiric Western pastiche (mainly of old Hawks movies), with John Wayne as John T. Chance, Dean Martin as a drunk called Dude, Ricky Nelson as Colorado, Walter Brennan as Stumpy, and Angie Dickinson as Feathers. Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett provided the script, Dimitri Tiomkin the score. Silly, but with zest; there are some fine action sequences, and the performers seem to be enjoying their roles. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 6.)

RIO LOBO—John Wayne in a late and tired Howard Hawks Western that is derivative of other late, tired Hawks Westerns. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 6.)

THE RISE OF LOUIS XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 2.)

SACCO AND VANZETTI—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; through Jan. 4.)

THE SAMURAI TRILOGY—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954); Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956); Part III: "Musachi and Kojiro" (1956). (Bijou Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Jan. 4.)

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (1964)—An agreeable though thin comedy about how an old lady discovers the pleasures of the modern world after her husband's death. A little too lulling and gratifying; it encourages the audience to chuckle in condescension at miserliness and meanness. With that great old screen-stealer Sylvie occupying center screen for a change. Directed by René Allio. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 3.)

SHOW BOAT (1936)—Despite the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 1.)

STAR SPANGLED GIRL—Sandy Duncan's comic talent shines through—she has a troll-like spark of genius in her timing—and Tony Roberts' and Todd Susman's talents almost shine through, too, but the material is atrocious Neil Simon. The situations are so contrived that the wisecracks aren't funny even when they're funny. But when they're sour they're certainly sour. Directed at breakneck speed by Jerry Paris, but the picture can't go by fast enough. (Ziegfeld.)

STOLEN KISSES (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 31-Jan. 6.)

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS—With Dyan Cannon and James Coco, directed by Otto Preminger. (Baronet.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Trans-Lux East and Little Carnegie.)

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 1.)

EL TOPO—Bloody head movie. Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

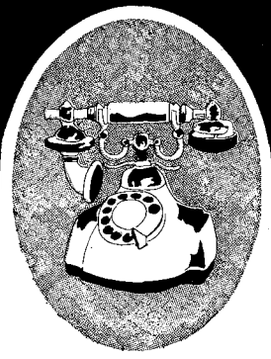
TORCH SONG (1953)—The viewer is asked to admire Joan Crawford's legs and her acting, which consists of pushing her mouth into positions meant to suggest suffering. The first is easy; the second impossible. In this misbegotten melodrama with some musical numbers, she finally settles for a blind musician (Michael Wilding). Which, all things considered, is a remarkably sensible decision. With Gig Young, Marjorie Rambeau, and Eugene Loring. Charles Walters directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2-4.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts.)

WAR AND PEACE (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (Thalia. Part I: Dec. 29. Part II: Dec. 30.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; Jan. 5-6.)



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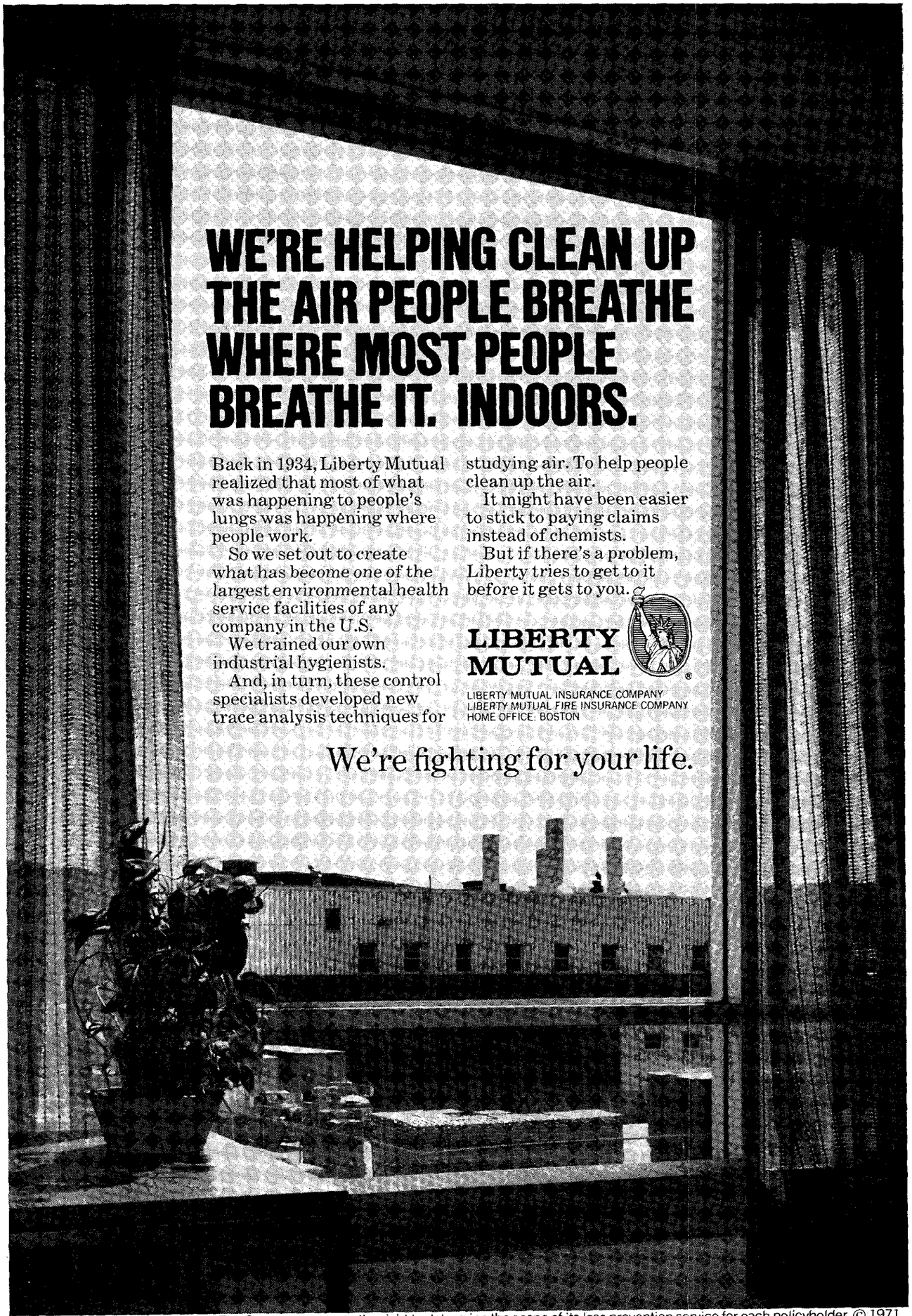
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

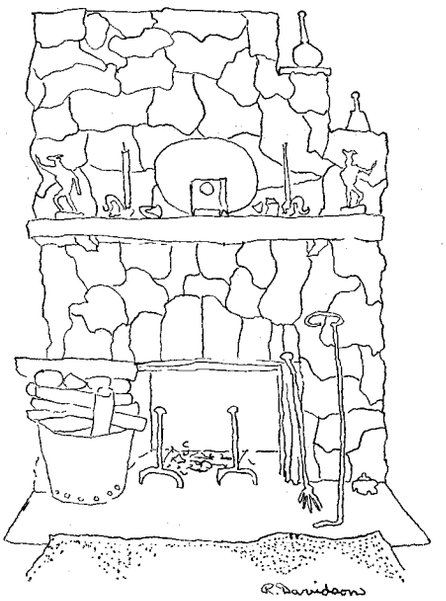
Notes and Comment

Ralph Johnson Bunche, who was an Under-Secretary and an Under-Secretary General of the United Nations for the past sixteen years, until shortly before his death last month, was one of the greatest Americans of our clouded and mind-numbing times. Whatever part of his life we look at—and we have looked at quite a bit of it in recent years—we see what we have come to think of as profoundly, almost quintessentially American. What to us is exhilarating about the life of Ralph Bunche is the way it was so marvellously bound up in the fabric of everything we love about this country.

Mr. Bunche was born in Detroit on August 7, 1904. His father, Fred Bunche, was an itinerant barber. His mother, Olive Agnes Johnson Bunche, was an amateur pianist. Both his parents died in Albuquerque in 1917—his father of the flu, his mother of tuberculosis. After that, Mr. Bunche was raised in Los Angeles by his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Lucy Johnson, whose husband, the principal of a Negro elementary school in Waco, Texas, in the eighteen-eighties, had died of malaria, leaving his wife and five children penniless in Indian territory. "My grandmother—I always called her 'Nana'—had ten children, but five died, and one of those who died was named Ralph," Mr. Bunche told us in one of many conversations we were privileged to have with him in the last few years of his life. "Nana was a matriarch. She didn't take any foolishness from anybody. She had no education, but she had deep insights. She was very small but very strong, very wiry, and very outspoken. She looked like a white, and was often mistaken for one. Once, in Los Angeles, where we lived in a mostly white neighborhood, a salesman for cemetery plots came by and gave my grandmother a sales pitch, one of his selling points being that they didn't allow Negroes or Jews in the cemetery. Well, she got a broom and chased him out of the house. Another time, the principal of my high school, when I was graduating, said to her, 'Mrs. Johnson, we're sorry to lose Ralph. We've never thought of him as a Negro.' My grandmother said to him, 'How dare you insult our race?' She always drilled into me, 'Do the best you can. Maintain your self-respect. Never let anybody detract from it.' "

When the family still lived in Detroit, Ralph Bunche's uncles Charlie and Tom worked to support them at the Diamond Match Company. They worked there for eight years, ten and a half hours a day, at a daily wage of sixty-three cents. Then they got jobs at a hotel, as an elevator operator and a houseman, and eventually as a dance-orchestra drummer and a dress-cutter, respectively.

"We all left Detroit in the summer of 1914, just before the First World War," Mr. Bunche told us. "My mother, my Uncle Charlie, my grandmother, and I went on the Santa Fe train. My father, to save money, rode the rods. We went to Albuquerque, because both my mother and my Uncle Charlie had t.b. and the climate in New Mexico was supposed to be good for that. Soon after we got there, my mother took my sister, Grace, and me to the nickelodeon at the Busy Bee Theatre. She walked us down to a seat in a middle row. Right after we sat down, an usher came and asked my mother to move to the rear. My mother told him very quietly, 'We're staying right here.' And we did. After that, we went to the Busy Bee regularly, and we sat wherever we pleased."



Mr. Bunche went to high school in Los Angeles, working after school and on Saturdays as a carpet layer for a big rug-cleaning establishment. "The owner got interested in me and offered to send me to Cal Tech or to M.I.T. to study the chemistry of dyes," Mr. Bunche told us. "I consulted with my grandmother, and she was against it. She said it's important to be free. So I went, on my own, to U.C.L.A."

As a sophomore, Ralph Bunche was rejected by the R.O.T.C., because he had a punctured eardrum—the result of two mastoid operations. He hitchhiked to the R.O.T.C. summer camp, in the state of Washington, anyway. We have a snapshot of him taken there. Twenty years old. Tall. Muscular. Handsome. Smiling broadly. Army fatigues. Shirtsleeves rolled up. "I didn't want to be in the R.O.T.C.," he told us. "It was just a good way to spend the summer. They took us on outings. We played baseball. The camp food was good. It was a good way to keep in condition and make some money, too. You could come out after six weeks with a hundred and sixty-five dollars. The commander was very nice to me. He let me stay, and he let me live in the barracks with the other fellows. To get back home, I stowed away on the H. F. Alexander, an Admiral Line ship going to San Francisco. They put me in the galley, shelling peas. I worked on Admiral Line ships the next two summers. I was a terrible sailor. I'd get sick every

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"Happy New Year, fish!"

• •

time we passed the outlet of the Columbia River. But I really enjoyed getting up at five in the morning to the sound of the call boy singing:

"Sleepin' good,
Sleepin' good.
Gimme dem covers,
I wish you would.
I know you's tired
And sleepy, too,
I hates to do it
But I'se got to do,
For you must rise and shine
For dis Admiral Line.

"Then the call boy would yank the blankets off us."

ON our desk, under the snapshot of Mr. Bunche at the R.O.T.C. camp, we have assembled a few other scraps and notes from his life. There is a lined composition book with a faded green cardboard cover on which is written, in ink:

Ralph J. Bunche '27
Philosophy 3B
Row 1—Seat 1—Sec. C

One of the handwritten compositions (it was graded A), dated April 22, 1925, when he was a sophomore, is entitled "Is Man Naturally Low and Despicable?"

It is difficult for me to accept fully Hobbes' theory of the position of man in society and in nature [Mr. Bunche wrote]. In the first place, it seems to me that Hobbes' conception of man as "naturally self-seeking, vile, brutish and egoistic, and *nothing more*" is quite a pessimistic and unwarranted one. It is true that man has these qualities in him, but I contend that these base characteristics are in part counteracted by good ones. I have a deep-set conviction that man *must* have an inherent notion of right and wrong; a fundamental moral structure and a simple sense of individual obligation, whether he be in a natural state or in society.

"In my senior year at college, I had the highest grades, and I was selected to be the commencement speaker," Mr. Bunche told us. "Dean Charles Rieber took an interest in me. Although he was stiff and formidable, his office was always open. He once said to me, 'You're going to be a lawyer.' Everybody just assumed I was going to be a lawyer. If a Negro was going to be educated and a professional, he became either a doctor, a teacher, a minister, or a lawyer. I walked into Dean Rieber's office and said I had no idea what my commencement speech should be about. He handed me a book of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems and said, 'Here. Go to the beach, and come back with a philosophical topic.' So I went, and came back with the topic 'The Fourth Dimension of Personality' for my commencement address."

In his commencement address, Mr. Bunche said, in part:

Humanity's problem today is how to be saved from itself. If we are to develop our personalities to their fullest, we must add a fourth dimension to this ordinary self—that we may expand up and out from our narrow, immediate world. This fourth dimension—call it "bigness," soulfulness, spirituality, imagination, altruism, vision, or what you will—is that quality which gives full meaning and true reality to others. In identifying myself with my fellows and seeking to coöperate in hearty good will and understanding with them, I find my life in deed and in truth. My fellow-graduates: We are youth, and have the world yet to face. We are told that we have daring, vigor, and resourcefulness. Then let us *dare* to live as *men* live! Let us dedicate our vigor and our resourcefulness to the cause of human fellowship! I commend to you the lines of Edna St. Vincent Millay:

"The world stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide . . ."

"I guess I was always hardheaded and independent," Mr. Bunche told us. "I always felt I wanted to do what I *wanted* to do. I liked adventure, and I was willing to gamble, to take chances. When I began teaching political science at Howard University, in 1928, Mordecai Johnson, the president of the college, once openly criticized me in a faculty meeting. 'Bunche is going all the way to Africa to find a problem,' he said. Negro colleges are petty places. The horizon is very limited, very narrow. They can be a graveyard. They're diseased. They know they exist as expedients. They're not in the free, competitive market. I had to get out. I've always had faith in the essential goodness of people. I think that basically man is good. He can be misled, but he's *good*. When you believe that, there's a lot you can do in the world. The only limitation in my job at the U.N. is that I can't participate in domestic partisan politics. I draw the line at endorsing any candidate, and I won't sign a petition on a piece of pending legislation. On the other hand, I've never had trouble speaking my mind on the race problem or poverty. At the beginning of the Montgomery, Alabama, bus movement, led by Martin Luther King, I went down there. I like to speak my mind. I've been asked to go into politics, but to be a good politician you've got to tolerate idiots as well as geniuses, and I'm a little impatient with idiocy. And I could never go out and ask anybody to vote for me, and eat pizza pie and bagels and lox, and all that. I've been asked what my main drive has been, and I think one thing: competitiveness. I have the pride of a competitor. I like to win. I

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think back on my school days, when I was the only Negro in the class, and I was determined to show I was as good as the white kids. In later life, when I worked for the O.S.S. and the State Department, I had pride in the fact that I was the first Negro to be given that kind of job. And I was determined to show them. I'm sentimental. I associate myself with whatever people I'm working with. I like people easily. I haven't seen Noble Sissle three times in the last ten years. One morning, he calls me up to say, 'Luckey Roberts is dead.' As soon as I heard Noble's voice, the picture was right there for me: the gray hair, the thin face, the squint, the wrinkles under his eyes, the sort of impish smile—if a man in his late seventies can have an impish smile—the dimple in his cheek, and the warm eyes."

Almost half a century after Mr. Bunche wrote in his composition book at college that it was difficult for him to accept Hobbes' conception of man, he gave a talk in Honolulu at the East-West Philosophers' Conference. The title of his talk was "Race and Alienation." In it he said:

> In all of his thousands of years here, man has lived in a constant state of alienation, in his relations with nature, with his fellow-men, with younger generations, with himself, his gods, his beliefs, ideas, and values. This, however, is not at all to endorse the Hobbesian view of the natural life of man as poor, nasty, and brutish, or to say that man is innately evil or warlike and that wars are therefore inevitable. I feel sure that man will still be here thousands of years hence. For I believe that despite so much wickedness and evil design in the world, man is essentially good.

In recent years, Mr. Bunche was plagued by all kinds of physical ailments, including trouble with his legs, so that walking was very difficult for him. Stubbornly, he insisted, against his doctor's orders, on marching with Martin Luther King in Selma, Alabama, in 1965, and in Dr. King's funeral procession, three years later. "I had been proud to walk with him," Mr. Bunche told us. "And this was the last walk for him. Probably for me, too. It was a sad occasion, but the trip was personally gratifying to me. In Atlanta, I stayed deliberately at Pascal's, a Negro-owned hotel, because I wanted to be with other Negroes. I wanted to be with those boys in the Mau-Mau jackets, and so on. My daughter Joan might have said that I would be jeered at. But all those boys couldn't have been nicer to me. Even Stokely Carmichael was nice."

Through all the daily pressures of Mr. Bunche's job at the United Nations—working on cables to and from the peace-keeping missions throughout the world; conferring with the Secretary-General and other senior colleagues; meeting ambassadors from the various missions; attending Security Council and General Assembly meetings; supervising the peace-keeping efforts in the Middle East; seeing countless visitors from all over the world who wanted to talk about their problems—Mr. Bunche never ducked the single big issue of civil rights in the United States. "I'm in the struggle inevitably," he said to us one day. "I'm a member of a minority group." He told us he did not have any respect for what he called the self-appointed leaders of his race who were only "soapbox revolutionaries." "I have respect for the ones who get out in the front lines and march," he said.

Part of Mr. Bunche's own front-line work consisted of setting forth, again and again, his view that the United States needed to fight racism and poverty with the same all-out effort it made in waging any other kind of war. "Nothing is going to change the course of racial deterioration unless this country makes a massive effort to eliminate ghettos and to eliminate slums," he told us. "There are efforts now to improve life in the ghetto, but polishing up the ghetto is not making an assault upon the ghetto itself. We need to look problems straight in the face and put aside halfway measures and rationalizations. I don't want to predict trouble, but I fear it. The troubles we've had so far have been spontaneous and unplanned. However, nothing is more vulnerable than the modern American city. If the thirty billion dollars annually spent by this country on the war in Vietnam were channelled into an all-out effort, at all levels of our government, to mobilize the war on the ghettos, we'd make a good start in the war on racism."

Mr. Bunche was married on June 23, 1930, to Ruth Ethel Harris, who was born in Montgomery, Alabama, and was then a first-grade schoolteacher in Washington. He told us one day that his children—Ralph, Jr., Joan, and Jane (who died in an accident in 1966)—had been sheltered for the most part from direct experiences with racism. Joan, who is now in her early thirties and works for the United Nations Development Program, made her first trip to the Deep South about eight years ago, to take part in a voter-registration drive in Louisiana. With considerable pride, Mr. Bunche gave us a copy of a letter she had written to her parents. We quote from it:

> Dear Mama and Daddy,
>
> As I mentioned on the phone, the trip down was exceedingly pleasant. We drove in an open convertible, and I was the only Negro—there was a white man and a white girl. Although people occa-

"Proud, darling? Chateaubriand, fresh arugula, runny Brie, a ballerina, the Stocktons, and the Brazilian correspondent of the New York 'Times'!"

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sionally looked, they never said anything, and we were served everywhere. We finally decided, after we were served in a Georgia diner on the highway which was filled with rednecks, that they probably thought that we had been on a Florida vacation, since we were all quite tanned, including my natural tan.

But when we arrived in Plaquemine, the vacation was over. It is about the ugliest town I've ever seen, except for White Castle, where I am now. I was so depressed when I got here I was ready to come home. I stayed in Plaquemine two days before I was assigned here. They put me in the nicest Negro home in town, which was the home of a local ex-madam. She was quite old and batty, and stayed in bed all day, as she has arthritis. There are no professional people in these small Negro communities, and the people are very poor—most of them work on the plantations, of which there are many around here. So that usually the best homes where they house the task force in the different towns are either with retired or aging madams, preachers, who are practically illiterate themselves, or maids who work for white families. This is an extremely poor community. The whites are almost as bad off as the Negroes. The population is about 1,500, about 50% of which is Negro. There are no sewers in the entire town—everyone has open drainage ditches in front of their houses—and the gnats and mosquitoes swarm all over the place. My legs are literally bitten all over. I now don't leave the house without rubbing mosquito repellent all over me.

The Negroes here live in utter poverty, and I am amazed how they manage to survive. The houses can best be described as wooden shacks. The women have many children. We visited one home, to teach the mother how to register, and she is 32 years old, with 17 children, and the house was so tiny, I couldn't imagine where she put them all. Many farm the children out to relatives and friends. The babies are poorly clothed and badly fed, and many of the children don't go to school at all. Our meals were horrible at first—pigtails, etc. I couldn't eat a thing, and I have lost a lot of weight. The diet here is perfectly awful—the people eat almost no meat, except for pork. I really feel sorry for the children—they are so undernourished, and many have that disease that forms scabs on their skin, due to lack of protein.

As for the whites in this town, they are perfectly horrible. They seem to all wear mean expressions on their faces—very tight-lipped, with wrinkled faces from the sun. Evidently they think nothing of calling the Negroes who live here "niggers" to their faces. Of course they don't like Alice and myself, and are rather unfriendly in the stores, since they all know who we are and what we are doing. An outsider stands out like a sore thumb in this town, since it is so very small. The police follow us around all day, and drive around our house, and our clinic. We see them so much that we are beginning to wave at them—there are only three police in the entire city, and they seem to patrol only the Negro areas. Our day begins by visiting the Negro homes in the area, asking them to come to a clinic that we have set up in an old abandoned wooden house. Alice and I always go together, and we often take some of the local teen-agers with us, since they know the people. Alice is a quiet Negro girl from New Orleans, who has worked with the civil rights movements all over the South. She is rather nice, and is a student at a Negro college in New Orleans. Mimi Feingold, the white girl from Swarthmore, was with us for a while, but they have sent her to another small town to organize a voter registration drive there. The Negroes seem to like us very much, and everyone is extremely friendly. They all say that we are helping them gain their freedom, and so they go out of their way to drive us anywhere, and are willing to do almost anything. You learn to wave at and speak to all the Negroes on the street, no matter who they are, and they all wave back. Even the toughest Negroes treat us politely, so that I'm not too afraid anymore working in the Negro neighborhoods. It is really amazing and inspiring to see how interested the Negroes are in learning how to register, despite their lack of education and poverty in their lives. A very poor woman of 31 here has nine children and recently suffered a heart attack, and I taught her every night until she learned to fill out the forms. When I took her to the registrar's office, she passed the first time—I was really thrilled.

WHEREVER Mr. Bunche's work took him, he made friends, and he seemed to stay in touch with everybody who had ever come into his life—from elementary school; from U.C.L.A.; from Harvard, where he obtained his Ph.D. in government and international relations in 1934; from the London School of Economics and the University of Cape Town, in South Africa, where he did additional graduate work; from Howard University, where he was head of the Department of Political Science for many years; from a two-year collaboration with Gunnar Myrdal in the study of the Negro in America; from the Second World War years, when he was Senior Social Science Analyst on Africa and the Far East in the Office of the Coordinator of Information, and, later, in the Africa section of the Office of Strategic Services; from the State Department, where he worked in many jobs and was a member of the United States delegations to all the conferences that worked on founding the United Nations; and, after 1947, from the United Nations Secretariat.

"I have the heaviest personal correspondence of anybody in the place," Mr. Bunche told us during one of our talks in his office at the U.N. His tone was one of very subdued pride—almost matter-of-fact. "I get thousands of letters. I read them all. I have a lot of pen pals, too. There's one lady, an invalid, who lives in England. She writes beautifully. I like her handwriting and the way she often starts out a letter with 'Hello, there!' or 'I take my pen in hand.' I've never met her. I once sent her some flowers on her birthday. We've been on a first-name basis for two years—at my suggestion."

Here are a few samples of Mr. Bunche's extraordinary correspondence.

From Dr. Cecilia Irvine, one of his teachers at Jefferson High School in Los Angeles (1959):

DEAR RALPH:

You were extremely kind and gracious to write a letter to me on the occasion of my retirement.

Many times during the years I have wanted to write you to express my great admiration, not only of your achievements, but of the spirit in which you are leading your life.

I would like to picture to you the boy you were. You were distinctly a thorough-bred who walked with a springy step, always you seemed completely at ease with the world and always looked up. I think, more than anything, I remember you with your head held high. I remember your grandmother. I met her just once. She was dressed in black with a Queen Mary black hat, and I have never forgotten the emanation of power from that tiny figure.

You were much too kind and generous to me. I always had sense enough to know that in my classes were boys and girls of ability and quality far above those possessed by myself. I consider it a great privilege to have invested my life in teaching, and I wish all teachers could be as happy as I am looking back over the years which seem so short.

Thank you for your part in making this occasion happy and may God bless you and strengthen you as you go on in the great service you are gifted to make to humanity.

To Miss Gwen Phillips, editor-in-chief of the 1961 *Spartan*, Scituate Junior-Senior High School, Scituate, Rhode Island (1960):

DEAR MISS PHILLIPS:

I am happy to respond to your request for a brief comment on the theme you have chosen for the 1961 *Spartan:* "The Place of the Aspiring Individual in a Despairing World." Why "despairing world"? Are you certain of that? I am not. It is a troubled world, to be sure, full of disturbed, possibly fearful people. But I do not believe that the peoples of the world are despairing, without hope, or resigned to disaster. Not at all. I think the world's people, rather, or at least that vast majority of them who inhabit the underdeveloped areas, nurture greater aspiration for a vastly better world in freedom and in their standard of living than ever before in human history. And I believe those aspirations will be progressively realized. We live in an exciting and dynamic world, which must go

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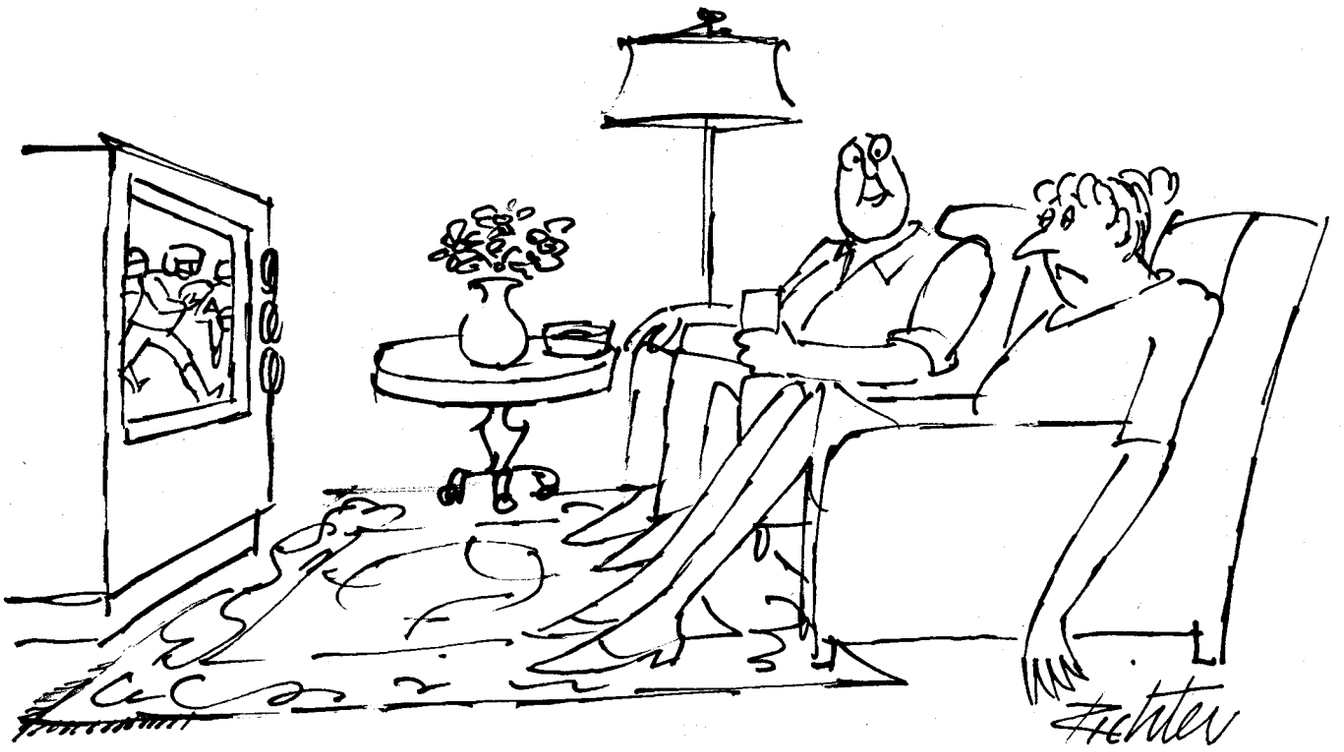

"If there's something else you'd rather be doing, dear, please go ahead. I doubt that Pat feels obliged to sit and watch with Dick."

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forward, and I am confident will go forward despite all present dangers.

From and to Sheryl Donaldson, sixth grade, Kavanaugh School, Palo Alto, California (1963):

What is the single most important ideal a child must learn to practice in order to accept the responsibility of adulthood?

DEAR SHERYL:
I would say that in my view integrity is the most important ideal a child must learn to practice in order to accept successfully the responsibility of adulthood.

To the boys of Den 3, Pack 35, of the Cub Scouts of Parkesburg, Pennsylvania, in response to a request from the Den Mother of "the only colored Den in town" (1958):

It seems to me that the way to be a good American is do the best you can on everything you are called upon to do. When you have done your best you can always feel satisfied and no one can ever justly criticize you for not having done better. Try hard and work hard, always. There is a lot of fun and satisfaction in achievement, in doing things right and doing things well. I must admit that at times, only because of my race, I have worked a little harder just to prove that race has nothing to do with ability or achievement.

From and to Morton C. Haight, Fort Lauderdale, Florida (1968):

DEAR MR. BUNCHE:
I am a retired member of the New Jersey Bar (after a practice of 40 years), a taxpayer who is vitally concerned and interested in the welfare of this Country and its people.

I am an ardent believer in equal rights and responsibilities for all of our citizens irrespective of race, color, or creed.

I am satisfied (as I believe you must be) that no advantages of any kind or character can be secured by any minority groups by violence, unlawful acts and the destruction of life and property.

Why wouldn't it be possible (and an extremely commendable gesture) for you and a representative group of your race (as listed below) to organize and by speeches, writings and other methods impress upon the illiterate and underprivileged peoples in our Country that unprovoked and spontaneous acts of violence and destruction would not accomplish their desired results and an improvement in their social welfare.

DEAR MR. HAIGHT:
I thank you for your letter of 5 February which I have read with much interest. Indeed, I might say that I have read it with sympathetic interest because of my impression that you are entirely sincere in what you have written.

I do, of course, agree with what you have to say about the futility of violence and unlawful acts, but I do not at all agree with your assumption that speeches of any kind by anyone in our country today can have much impact, or do very much to prevent a recurrence of the tragic disorders in many of our urban centres in recent years. To assume otherwise is to misjudge seriously the cause of these disorders and the temper of the Negro in the ghettos today.

You see, Mr. Haight, the ghetto dweller in the American cities today (and this is where most American Negroes are now found) has reached a stage of frustration, despair and bitterness verging on desperation. He finds himself firmly segregated in black ghettos despite all that has been said and done about achieving equality of opportunity and citizenship for the black American, and despite the fact that there are very many white Americans, like yourself, who really believe in equal rights and opportunities for all Americans irrespective of race, color or creed. Nevertheless, the hard fact is that the ghetto dwellers have seen little or no improvement in their lots. Indeed, their existence is more segregated now than ever. In Harlem, for example, everybody, every activity, everything is black except the police, the landlords and the shopkeepers. Inevitably, the Negro confined to the black ghetto by economic and social forces as strong as any law comes to the conclusion that he is there because he is not acceptable to or wanted by the white society outside of the ghetto. He comes to feel that outside is a hostile white society and he in turn develops a hostility toward it. In time, because of this, a vicious circle is created, and the Negro, instead of seeking escape from the ghetto, finds a haven in it because he feels safer there and not unwanted. This is the inevitable pathology and psychology of the black ghettos and this, in my view, is the basic cause of the riots. I frankly fear that unless some massive efforts are made to change radically the lot and status of the Negro in the ghetto there can be no change in his psychology or outlook and, therefore, there will be an intensification of the racial troubles which the country has so sadly suffered.

In other words, I believe that the only way to change the direction of the disastrous racial course now being followed

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in the U.S. is for the society, its Government at all levels and all of its people, to face up to the fact that in order to avoid the ultimate catastrophe of virtual racial guerrilla warfare in our cities, heroic efforts have to be exerted now to eliminate the black ghettos by a full integration of the Negro American into the society. The indispensable first step for this is the will and the determination on the part of the white society to accept the Negro on the basis of equality so that every Negro can find his level in the society solely on the basis of his individual merit without any handicap of racial prejudice.

AT the United Nations Secretariat one day, while we were waiting to see Mr. Bunche, one of his close colleagues, Brian Urquhart, Director of the Office of the Under-Secretaries for Special Political Affairs, said to us that he thought that what Mr. Bunche was proudest of was his role in building up the peace-keeping capacity of the U.N. We asked Mr. Urquhart to tell us something of the way Mr. Bunche worked. "First of all, he doesn't discourage easily, and he's always full of ideas," Mr. Urquhart said. "I've known him and worked with him since 1946, and his devotion to the U.N.—I must say, greatly to his own cost—has been absolutely single-minded. He's usually the first into a dangerous situation and the last out. He regards life with the calm and compassion of a selfless man devoted to a great task. He's a most tremendously unsanctimonious man, and a very unusual man in public life. After a while, most public figures begin to show certain idiosyncrasies. You get used to the idea of *being* someone. Very few politicians, for example, are capable of being self-critical. Ralph may not have any great opinion of himself, but he has a tremendous opinion of the organization he works for and the job he's trying to do. He has a very, very tough, analytical mind. He's very uncompromising about anything he thinks is right or wrong. He's anxious to get the thing right, and that's *it*. He cannot be pushed off a position by any amount of arguing or by a desire to be popular. He's always been meaning to go back into academic life. Thank goodness, he hasn't done it. His loyalty to the U.N. is total."

"I got a lot of notoriety during the Palestine mediation work and when I was awarded the Nobel Prize," Mr. Bunche said to us at the U.N. one day. "But I'm much more proud of what I've been doing here since 1950."

It was a lifelong practice of Mr. Bunche's to write notes about his thoughts and observations and put them away in desk drawers, books, cardboard boxes, and, occasionally, filing cabinets. He gave us a number of samples of his "notes," including the following:

I have come in contact with a good many celebrated and occasionally great people. But as one comes to know them, they all have surprisingly apparent frailties and quite frequently serious flaws of character and personality. Greatness, more often than not, is the product of a combination of ability and the accidents of time and circumstance.

Foundation [the Rockefeller Foundation] started 50 years ago with less than $250 million. It has since given away approximately $1 billion. Nevertheless, its holdings today amount to $770 million (5 or 6 years ago it was $550 million).

Moral: It pays to give!

As a youth in Los Angeles, I began to develop real racial consciousness for the first time. I had had some racial experiences before, but it was in Los Angeles that my thinking about race began. I recall some inner feeling of resentment about not being "Negro" enough, as compared with my Negro chums. I envied Chuck Matthews for his ability to play the sax and the ukulele and to whistle jazz tunes so much better than I could. And dance better, too. I felt the same about Charlie Sanders. I saw their musical ability and sense of rhythm as "Negro" traits. Similarly, I envied George Duncan's ability at buffoonery. Sometimes sly, sometimes uproarious, but always, as I thought, distinctly Negro. By contrast, I felt something like the interlocutor in a minstrel show and somehow racially short-changed.

Now, more than
ever, I seem to regret
that I lost my
mother when both
she and I were so
young. I feel
cheated to have been
deprived of her.
I have retained
an image of her
as a pretty, very
sweet and romantic
lady, a dreamer,
accomplished in
music and poetry,
and always an
invalid.
I can never
get it out of my
mind that on that
night of her death
in Albuquerque
she had asked
for milk and there
was none in
the house because
because I had
drunk it up.

One day, while we were chatting with Mr. Bunche in his office, he handed us a copy of a letter that his mother had written to her brother and sister about a year before she died. Like Ralph Bunche's life, it tells us something about what America, at its

"Mommy is attractive, dear, because she makes herself attractive."

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best, can be, and what the human race, at its best, can be. We quote from it:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.
JUNE 5, 1916

DEAREST TOM AND NELL:

It seems a long time Nell, since we had fare well glimpses of each other on the Depot platform that morning,—and when I reflect that I haven't written to you in all that time, it seems even longer. You know tho' that it isn't because I havn't thot of you. I have thot of you and Tom often, and some very dear thots too. I was just out on the front porch, looking at the small green fruit on the plum trees;—and I was just thinking—about how we used to get up in the mornings to pick the plums from the "Eating Tree." (you remember the "Eating Tree"—don't you?) It was this pleasant remembrance that sent me in to write you. I wish Tom shared it with us,—don't you? You know this is "San Felipe Day" Nell, with celebrations in Old Town, and many "Mexicans,"—and I'm not there! Dosn't that seem—queer to you? I might say that I don't go because I have no comfortable shoes, but that would be only part of the truth. The greater part of the truth is this; that I am beginning to be more like you, to care more for the things that build real character,—and less for the frivolous things. Since I've been reading and studying more,—and consequently freeing my mind of much silliness, vanity and other un-necessary things; I've often reflected, (not without a sense of humor) on the tortures you must have endured, through my superficiality,—at the circus grounds,—and other places of amusement? we attended. I didn't realize, then, why you couldn't enjoy the noise and sights fully—as much as I; but I do begin now, to catch the smallest inkling of the truth—and this, I think is it, that I lived only on the surface of things, never having thought deeply enough to recognize anything but the surface. I'm still largely superficial Nell, but I'm learning a little bit every day; how to be happy, contented, how to supersede hate with love, and best of all, how to live more in the Reality of things, nearer to God. I'm still grumbling a little, still complaining of my health at times, but I have high hope and strong conviction that health and happiness are for me. I'm even beginning to get back snatches of long forgotten ambitions, Nell, such as I had when I went to school, wrote crude verses, and dreamed of being a poetess. What wonderful things God performs in our lives, when earnestly sought, he gives us back the high ideals of our childhood, and glimpses of untold love, in beautiful thoughts. I'm sure that until now, I have never even half dreamed the great meaning and purpose of life. I don't think any of us can regret our experiences, good or bad, if they lead us at last to something permanent in goodness and beauty. You see, I have a tendency for preaching, but I also realize that practicing is worth more to me, at present. I'm so glad that Tom has had such splendid luck; I love his optimistic out look, and yours too, Nell; God surely want us to be optimistic, through thick and thin, and you two have proven your selves good soldiers. Ralph has done fine in school this year, in study and application, and I know you will be glad to know that his temper is improved. You see, what benefits me, also benefits the children, and for this I am especially thankful. We have relapses into old ways, but they are less frequent. Fred is working steadily as usual, and we're continuing to make ends meet, and combining contentment with it, which has been a revelation to me as a remover of worry. The roses were beautiful in our yard Nell, they are almost all gone, but the fragrance was lovely while it lasted. We're all glad that Tom sent the Piano; I wish we had had it, when you were here. It's just as calm and beautiful, this eve. here, as you can imagine, you know Nell, one of our typical New Mexico sunsets. We have a little Mission Church across from us, in that vacant store building, now, so Ralph & Grace go there to church and Sunday School. It's convenient. I don't want to close this letter with out thanking you for all your little deeds of kindness and love, while here, Nell, and for which I didn't seem to have the grace, or the thoughtfulness, to show real appreciation; but "better late than never" and the memory holds the kind and lovely things, when the harsh ones are long forgotten. Tom knows, that I'm grateful to him too, not only for help received, but for the spirit in which it was given. Some day, (and this is *not* a daydream,) you shall have some recompense, equally as substantial as hearty, real, gratitude. Eff is the same dear girl, always doing some thing for our benefit and happiness. I thing Charl is liable to develope into a Socialist; He has a brake man friend who loans him literature on the subject. If women were allowed to vote in this state, I would vote the Socialist ticket. I wish Tom would vote it. Well, dear ones, I think I must say adios now, so Mama's letter and mine can be mailed to you. I'm not sticking so close to my Spanish at present; I came to the conclusion that the study of building a better mentality would be more profitable. I may take it up again later on. I'm a regular Subscriber to the Nautilus magazine now, and if you all would like to read it some time, I will send you some of my copies. I think the Band Concerts will soon begin now; Grace is the only one who manifests much of a desire to attend. I think we'll all enjoy going tho', because it's in the open air. I'm glad you're learning to be such a good cook Nell; you were a mighty good cook in embryo, when you were here. Well, if I write any more, my letter will exceed two cents, so here's yours for Love, happiness, and good will. —Oll.

"It's the only letter of my mother's I've ever had," Mr. Bunche told us. She didn't need to write another.

"Philsie, this is M. J. I hate like hell to bother you while you're on vacation, but something has come up."

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AROUND THE BEND IN EIGHTY DAYS

I—DISQUIET, PLEASE, WE'RE TURNING!

OF all the fantasies cherished by the public about the craft of fiction, perhaps the most venerated concerns the moment of creativity—the instant at which, presumably, the divine spark infuses a writer and sets him frenziedly wooing his muse. The popular conception of an author, in fact, is almost total fantasy. The average reader imagines him as a rather Byronic, darkly brooding individual, an amalgam of Baudelaire, Robinson Jeffers, and MacKinlay Kantor, who sits in his study garbed in a smoking jacket and velvet tam-o'-shanter, his brow furrowed in thought as he puffs on a meerschaum, awaiting the flash of inspiration essential to the work of genius. Suddenly a lightning zigzag cleaves the gloom, narrowly missing the bust of Homer on the bookshelf: the Idea has been born. With a stifled cry—sometimes there is not even time for a stifled cry—the author seizes his quill and begins covering page after page of foolscap. Useless for wife and family to plead with him to take rest or nourishment; the all-consuming urge to create, the *furor scribendi*, is upon him and will not be stilled. E'en if it destroys him, he must press forward till he writes "Finis" to his masterpiece.

The series of events that climaxed in the present narrative had a somewhat different origin. They began on the sweltering summer morning in 1955 when Avrom Goldbogen—better known to the world of entertainment and various referees in bankruptcy as Michael Todd—first swam into my ken. I was seated in the dingy office on lower Sixth Avenue where I daily immured myself with an intractable typewriter, staring despondently at the rear wall of the adjacent apartment house. Three weeks before, the venetian blind veiling one of the windows had magically risen and I beheld, standing there in pearly nakedness, a lady of such flawless proportions that I was transfixed. She had obviously just emerged from the bath, to judge from the droplets of moisture that clung to her marble limbs, and the innocence of her pose, her sheer Eve-like rosy perfection as she stretched forth her arms and luxuriated in the morning sunshine, wrung my withers. Unhappily, as I was craning forward for a better view my head struck the windowpane. The impact startled her out of her reverie, and a second later the blind crashed downward, abruptly terminating my idyll. For weeks afterward, I kept expecting the vision to recur, but all I ever saw was an unshaven citizen in his undershirt, clearly an enforcer for the Mafia, glaring at me suspiciously through the blind, and I desisted.

I was sitting there, as I say, stirring the dead ashes of desire when the phone rang and a crisp female voice came over the wire. "This is Candide Yam, Michael Todd's beautiful Chinese secretary," it declared. "Mr. Todd just called me from the Coast. He wants to know if you ever read a work authored by Jules Verne entitled 'Around the World in Eighty Days.' "

"When I was eleven years old, lambie," I said patiently. "I also read 'Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus,' 'Phil the Fiddler,' by Horatio Alger, 'Sink or Swim,' by Oliver Optic—"

"My, you really *are* a well-read person," she said. "I don't get much chance to talk to people like you in this job."

"Then why don't we have lunch?" I proposed. "I know a quiet little drop here in the Village—a droplet, so to speak—where we can relax over a vodka Martini and chat about books and stuff."

"Slow down, brother," she said. "There'll be plenty of time for that when we're filmy."

"Filmy?" I repeated. My mood, instinct with romance, conjured up a vision of this exciting person, clad in filmy black negligee, forcing kumquats into my mouth and pleading for love, and I was suddenly on the *qui vive*. "Look, where are you? I can be there in ten minutes. The Plaza bar, the Drake—"

"No, no—*filming*, dear," she corrected, in a voice that rivalled little silver bells. "Like in a movie."

"What movie?" I asked, bewildered. "I'm not involved in any flick I know of."

"Oh, yes, you are," she said. "The Michael Todd production of 'Around the World in Eighty Days'—that's why he wants you to reread the book. I'm sending down a copy by messenger in twenty minutes. Be there."

I hung up and, after a quick peek at the apartment window opposite to make sure my Lorelei had not reappeared, tried to recall what I could about Mike Todd. Having written for the theatre sporadically in the past, I knew he had produced several shows of passing consequence, like "Star and Garter," "The Hot Mikado," and "Up in Central Park," but his reputation, even by Broadway standards, was not fragrant with frankincense and myrrh. Playwrights who had dealt with the man showed a tendency to empurple; they castigated him as a cheap chiseller reluctant to disgorge royalties, a carnival grifter with the ethics of a stoat. My association with showmen of the type, notably Billy Rose, had taught me that, in Joyce's felicitous phrase—James Joyce, that is, not Joyce Matthews—they were as full of wind and water as a barber's cat. Still, I remembered the enjoyment Verne's novel had given me in youth, and if, in my present becalmed state, the project looked as though it might yield up enough to keep the pot boiling there was no harm in discussing it with Todd.

The book, when it arrived, proved to be a children's version bound in gleaming yellow calf, with my name—misspelled, naturally—so freshly emblazoned in gold on it that a few grains sifted into my palm. In due course, Todd rang up my agent and offered even fewer for my services on the screenplay. There then ensued the usual choleric exchange of insults and recriminations that attends all negotiations in the film industry, and ultimately a figure was arrived at which, in the hallowed phrase, we could both live with. Todd was living with his, I found when I reached Hollywood a week later, in opulence; he occupied a luxurious villa at the Beverly Hills Hotel, subsisting chiefly on champagne and caviar and smoking Flor de Magníficos, which cost a dollar apiece—frequently two at the same time. As he wove a verbal tapestry about the production he envisioned, the wonders of the Todd-AO process, the stars he planned to inveigle into cameo roles, and the *réclame* that would accrue to everyone concerned, I took stock of this *luftmensch* to whom I had indentured myself. Squat, muscular, intensely dynamic, he was the very pattern of the modern major moviemaker—voluble, cunning, full of huckster shrewdness, slippery as a silverfish, and yet undeniably magnetic. In short, a con man, a *tummler* with a bursting Napoleonic complex. Forever in movement, he walked in a fighter's crouch, as if both to ward off a blow and dodge a sum-

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mons. The key to his nature, as I was to learn in our association, was his mouth, which bore a marked resemblance to a rattrap. Those thin lips, I sensed, could be merciless, but at the moment they were busy weaving blandishments.

"We'll kill 'em, Jack," he predicted ebulliently. "It's going to be the picture of the century—we'll blow those civilians out the back of the theatre. Rolls-Royces . . . town houses . . . emeralds and rubies the size of your nose. They'll be naming ships after us!" I was reminded of Walter Burns wooing Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page." "O.K., now, get lost, and remember this, you bum—no hanging around the water cooler. We start shooting with a finished script six weeks from today in Spain."

TO chronicle with any accuracy the arguments, intrigues, stratagems, and frustrations I was embroiled in over the next several months would be virtually impossible. One factor, however, was constant: Todd's utter, neurotic refusal to part with money. A compulsive gambler, he would toss away thousands on the turn of a card or the convulsions of dice, but when my stipend or those of my coworkers fell due Todd automatically vanished. Week after week, it took cajolery, pleas, and threats of legal action to collect one's salary. All the while, of course, our impresario lived like the Medici, running up awesome bills that he waved away airily on presentation. Whether they were ever settled, even after he hit the mother lode, was doubtful. His *chutzpah*, however, was indisputable, for, as became more and more obvious daily, his million-dollar epic was a classic shoestring operation. In Hollywood, he held endless whispered consultations in corners with squat Neanderthal types who rested on their knuckles, underarms bulging as though harboring shoulder holsters. In Europe, these gave way to foxy-nosed characters in homburgs, reputedly Swiss and Austrian bankers, so suave that marzipan wouldn't melt in their mouths. The financial ramifications of any movie are cloaked in mystery; those of "Around the World in Eighty Days" were as impenetrable as the Mato Grosso. To this day, I venture to say, nobody knows where or how Todd promoted the wherewithal to make his chef-d'œuvre, or who got what share of the golden hoard. All I know is that my pittance was extracted only by deep surgery.

European filming began in a village outside Madrid, inaugurated with a Homeric quarrel between Todd and the director, John Farrow, that ended in the latter's dismissal. This stroke of luck raised everyone's spirits—so much so that the bullfight sequences starring Luis Dominguín and Cantinflas were completed ahead of schedule. The company then descended on London, where Todd installed himself in a pad at the Dorchester of such barbaric tastelessness that it must have been shipped piecemeal from Las Vegas to make him feel at home. As with everywhere he roosted, the premises instantly took on the aspect of Donnybrook Fair: phones rang wildly, coveys of actors, agents, and technicians boiled through the rooms, and the air was blue with cigar smoke and maledictions. Concurrently, shooting went on in Knightsbridge and Belgravia, while interiors—the Reform Club, Lloyd's, and Phileas Fogg's residence—were in progress at the studio. One consolation in the uproar was the presence of Candide Yam, Todd's handmaiden from New York. A fetching Celestial strikingly reminiscent of Anna May Wong, Candide inexplicably possessed a fund of colloquial Yiddish, and whenever the turmoil became overwhelming the two of us used to steal away to Isow's, on Brewer Street, and share the inscrutable wisdom of the East over a knish.

"Goodbye, dear, and have a good time, if that's what it's called nowadays."

• •

Complex as parts of the English production were, they paled beside one exterior, a crowd scene, shot in Paris a fortnight later. The physical action involved was trifling; Phileas Fogg and Passepartout were to arrive in a carriage in the Rue Castiglione and enter the offices of Thomas Cook & Son. Seeking to demonstrate the scope of his AO process, Todd bade his marshals make the scene as lavish as possible. Eight hundred extras were outfitted in the costumes of 1872, and various conveyances of the period—victorias, barouches, berlins, horse-drawn buses—were routed out of warehouses and museums. Since any glimpse of an automobile would have been disastrous, men were employed to clear the area the night before filming; cars were thrust helter-skelter into the streets fringing the Place Vendôme, much to the ire of their owners and the police, who subsequently touched off a lengthy investigation. In any case, by

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ten the next morning a juggernaut laden with cameras and technicians was positioned against the railing of the Tuileries, seven French assistant directors were rehearsing the crowd with a maximum of hysteria, and our principals had executed so many turns in their vehicle that they were dizzy. Then, just as the whistle blew for the take and the extras started moving, an altogether unforeseen hitch occurred.

Directly above the arcade at the bottom of the Rue Castiglione was a hotel with a number of heavily shuttered windows. Suddenly one of them opened and a fat man in lurid pajamas stepped forth into the sunshine, yawning and scratching himself. His gaze slowly travelled downward into the Rue de Rivoli and, on the instant, he turned to stone. His stupefaction was pardonable; he had retired in 1955 and awakened into a world populated by folk in crinolines and beaver hats. Todd, already overwrought because of the expense and time consumed in the take, suffered a paroxysm. He snatched up a megaphone and screamed at the interloper. "Get back, you dummy!" he shouted. "Can't you see you're on camera, you frog bastard? Close the blind!"

Though Todd's words were inaudible over the din of the extras milling about and the street noises, the man did withdraw, but only momentarily. In an *augenblick*, he popped back with an equally corpulent lady in a peach-colored robe, who reacted as he had. The two of them stood on the balcony gesticulating and chattering nineteen to the dozen while Todd raged up and down, smiting his forehead and inveighing against the French, his subordinates, and destiny. At length, a vassal was dispatched to hale the couple indoors, the multitude was regrouped, and the scene—valueless to the story but quenching Todd's thirst for spectacle—went into the can.

What with another costly crowd scene at the Gare du Nord, involving a number of French screen luminaries, the budget was becoming visibly distended, and Todd decided he had sufficient European footage. In one frantic morning, he organized a second unit to make process shots in India and the Far East, providing its members with tickets to Rangoon, yellow monk's robes, and begging bowls so they could scrounge enough rice to continue onward. Then, distributing a reckless largesse of smiles and handshakes to the technical crew, he raced off to California to do the Western exteriors, and our paths diverged for a spell.

"Mao Tse-tung!"

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Some six weeks later, I received a midnight telephone plea to join Todd in Hollywood, where he was preparing the Barbary Coast episode and a couple of others in the picture. I complied and, as I expected, was immediately plunged into a courtship unsullied by any hint of money. He urgently needed lines and situations, he confessed, for some exceptional stars he had acquired for cameo roles. I confessed, with equal candor, that I urgently needed bread for my dependents. His eyes took on a glassy, hypnotic stare and he began casting my horoscope. In it he saw yachts the size of the Stella Polaris, racing stables, seraglios full of milk-white lovelies surpassing Jane Russell. Impressed though I was by his clairvoyance, I managed to retain my equilibrium and demanded cash on the barrelhead. He vilified me, rent his garments, and howled aloud, but eventually he consented to a deal on a piecework basis. Nightly in the weeks that followed, therefore, we would meet in a Beverly Hills parking lot, I clutching the pages required for the next day's shooting, he the pro-rata payment. At a concerted signal, we made a lightning exchange, leaped into our respective cars, and drove off.

Five months after the picture had opened and Todd's own picture was appearing on postage stamps, David Niven and I lunched at the Beverly Hills Hotel. As we reviewed the vicissitudes we had undergone in its making, he suddenly interrupted his discourse. "Bless my soul, I almost forgot," he said. "This reunion deserves a special celebration. Waiter—two more Martinis, please!"

"But why?" I asked.

"Because this just came through yesterday." He withdrew his cardcase and exhibited a check. "My final week's salary for 'Around the World in Eighty Days.'"

The waiter, engaged in removing our empties, grunted sympathetically. "Well do I know the *boychick* of whom you speak," he said. "The fastest con in the West."

—S. J. Perelman

(*This is the first part of a six-part chronicle.*)

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District Court Cases

Frances Taylor, Beech Ridge Road, South Windham, permitting her dog to stroll unmuzzled during which time it attacked Kenneth L. Davis, dismissed.

Kenneth L. Davis, Orchard Road, South Windham, permitting his dog to stroll unmuzzled during which time it attacked Frances Taylor, dismissed.

—*Portland (Maine) Express.*

One of those inspired out-of-court settlements.

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TWICE-TOLD TALES

(BORROWED, APOCRYPHAL, AND IMAGINED—WITH A BOW TO SWEDENBORG, BURTON, LANE, AND OTHERS, BOTH REAL AND VAGUELY PERCEIVED)

THE WIZARD POSTPONED

IN the city of Santiago, there was a dean who had a burning desire to learn the art of magic. Hearing that don Illán of Toledo knew more about magic than anyone else, the dean went to Toledo in search of him.

The very morning he arrived, he went straight to don Illán's and found him reading in a room at the back of his house. Don Illán received the dean cordially, and asked him to postpone telling him the object of his visit until after they had eaten. Showing his guest into pleasant quarters, don Illán said he felt very happy about the dean's visit. After their meal, the dean told don Illán why he had come, and he begged to be taught the craft of magic. Don Illán said that he already knew that his guest was a dean, a man of good standing and of good prospects, but that were he to teach him all his knowledge, the day might come when the dean would fail to repay his services—as men in high places are often wont to do. The dean swore that he would never forget don Illán's bounty and that he would always be at his call. Once they came to an agreement, don Illán explained that the magic arts could not be learned save in a place of deep seclusion, and, taking the dean by the hand, he led him to the next room, in whose floor there was a large iron ring. Before this, however, he told the serving maid to prepare partridges for supper but not to put them on to roast until he so ordered.

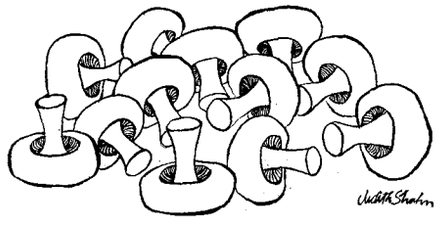
Don Illán and his guest lifted the ring and went down a well-worn, winding stairway until it seemed to the dean they had gone down so far that the bed of the Tagus must now be above them. At the foot of the staircase was a cell, and in it were a library of books and a kind of cabinet with magic instruments. They were leafing through the books, when suddenly two men appeared bearing a letter for the dean, written by the bishop, his uncle, in which the bishop informed him that he was gravely ill, and that if the dean wanted to find him alive he should not tarry. The news was very upsetting to the dean—for one thing, because of his uncle's illness; for another, because he would be forced to interrupt his studies. In the end, choosing to stay, he wrote an apology and sent it to the bishop.

Three days passed, and there arrived several men in mourning bearing further letters for the dean, in which he read that the bishop had died, that a successor was being chosen, and that they hoped by the grace of God that the dean would be elected. The letters advised him to remain where he was, it seeming better that he be absent during his election.

Ten days elapsed, and two finely dressed squires came, throwing themselves down at the dean's feet and kissing his hands and greeting him as bishop. When don Illán saw these things, he turned to the new prelate with great joy and said that he thanked the Lord that such good news should have come to his house. He then asked for the now vacant deanery for his son. The bishop answered that he had already set aside the deanery for his own brother but that he would find the son some post in the Church, and he begged that they all three leave together for Santiago.

They made their way to the city of Santiago, where they were received with honors. Six months passed, and messengers from the pope came to the bishop, offering him the archbishopric of Toulouse and leaving in his hands the naming of a successor. When don Illán heard this, he reminded the archbishop of his old promise and asked for the vacated title for his son. The archbishop told him that he had already set aside the bishopric for his own uncle, his father's brother, but that as he had given his word to shed favor on don Illán, they should, together with the son, all leave for Toulouse. Don Illán had no recourse but to agree.

The three set out for Toulouse, where they were received with honors and Masses. Two years passed, and messengers from the pope came to the archbishop, elevating him to the cardinalate and leaving in his hands the naming of a successor. When don Illán learned this, he reminded the cardinal of his old promise and asked the vacated title for his son. The cardinal told him that he had already set aside the archbishopric for his own uncle, his mother's brother—a good old man—but that if don Illán and his son were to accompany him to Rome, surely some favorable opportunity would present itself.



Don Illán protested, but in the end he was forced to agree.

The three then set out for Rome, where they were received with honors, Masses, and processions. Four years elapsed, and the pope died, and our cardinal was elected to the papacy by all the other cardinals. Learning of this, don Illán kissed His Holiness's feet, reminded him of his old promise, and asked the vacated cardinal's office for his son. The pope told don Illán that by now he was weary of his continued requests and that if he persisted in importuning him he would clap him in jail, since he knew full well that don Illán was no more than a wizard and that in Toledo he had been a teacher of the arts of magic.

Poor don Illán could only answer that he was going back to Spain, and he asked the pope for something to eat during the long sea journey. Once more the pope refused him, whereupon don Illán (whose face had changed in a strange fashion) said in an unwavering voice, "In that case, I shall have to eat the partridges that I ordered for tonight."

The serving maid came forward, and don Illán ordered the partridges roasted. With these words, the pope found himself in the underground cell in Toledo, no more than dean of Santiago, and so taken aback with shame that he did not know what to say. Don Illán said that this test was sufficient, refused the dean his share of the partridges, and saw him to the door, where, taking leave of him with great courtesy, he wished him a safe journey home.

A THEOLOGIAN IN DEATH

THE angels told me that when Melancthon died he was provided with a house deceptively like the one in which he lived in this world. (This happens to most newcomers in eternity upon their first arrival—it is why they are ignorant of their death, and think they are still in the natural world.) All the things in his room were similar to those he had had before—the table, the desk with its drawers, the shelves of books. As soon as Melancthon awoke in this new abode, he sat at his table, took up his literary work, and spent several days writing—as usual—on justification by faith alone, without so much as a single word on charity. This omission being remarked by the angels, they sent messengers to question him. "I have proved beyond refutation," Melancthon replied to them, "that there is nothing in charity essential to the soul, and that to gain salvation faith is enough." He spoke with great as-

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surance, unsuspecting that he was dead and that his lot lay outside Heaven. When the angels heard him say these things, they departed.

After a few weeks, the things in his room began to fade away and disappear, until at last there was nothing left but the armchair, the table, the paper, and his inkstand. What is more, the walls of the room became encrusted with lime, and the floor with a yellow glaze. Melancthon's own clothes were now much coarser. He wondered at these changes, but he went on writing about faith while denying charity, and was so persistent in this exclusion that he was suddenly transported underground to a kind of workhouse, where there were other theologians like him. Locked up for a few days, Melancthon fell to doubting his doctrine, and was allowed to return to his former room. He was now clad in a hairy skin, but he tried hard to convince himself that what had just happened to him was no more than a hallucination, and he went back to extolling faith and belittling charity.

One evening, Melancthon felt cold. He began examining the house, and soon discovered that the other rooms no longer matched those of his old house in the natural world. One was cluttered with instruments whose use he did not understand; another had shrunk so small that entrance was impossible; a third had not changed, but its doors and windows opened onto vast sandbanks. One of the rooms at the back of the house was full of people who worshipped him and who kept telling him that no theologian was ever as wise as he. These praises pleased him, but since some of the visitors were faceless and others seemed dead he ended up hating and distrusting them. It was at this point that he decided to write something concerning charity. The only difficulty was that what he wrote one day he could not see the next. This was because the pages had been written without conviction.

Melancthon received many visits from persons newly dead, but he felt shame at being found in so run down a lodging. In order to have them believe he was in Heaven, he hired a neighboring magician, who tricked the company with appearances of peace and splendor. The moment his visitors had gone—and sometimes a little before—these adornments vanished, leaving the former plaster and draftiness.

The last I heard of Melancthon was that the magician and one of the faceless men had taken him away into the sand hills, where he is now a kind of servant of demons.

THE MIRROR OF INK

ALL history knows that the cruellest of the rulers of the Sudan was Yaqub the Ailing, who delivered his country to the rapacity of Egyptian tax collectors and died in a palace chamber on the fourteenth day of the moon of Barmahat, in the year 1842. There are those who hold that the wizard Abd-er-Rahman al-Masmudi (whose name may be translated as the "Servant of the All-Merciful") slew him by means of a dagger or poison. That he died a natural death is more likely, however, since he was called the Ailing. Captain Richard F. Burton spoke to the wizard in 1853, and recounts the tale I quote here:

It is true that as a consequence of the conspiracy woven by my brother Ibrahim, with the treacherous and useless support of the black chiefs of Kordofan, who betrayed him, I suffered captivity in the castle of Yaqub the Ailing. My brother perished by the sword, on the blood-red skin of Justice, but I flung myself at the hated feet of the Ailing, telling him that I was a wizard, and that if he spared my life I would show him shapes and appearances still more wonderful than those of the magic lantern. The tyrant demanded an immediate proof. I asked for a reed pen, a pair of scissors, a large leaf of Venetian paper, an inkhorn, a chafing dish with some live coals in it, some coriander seeds, and an ounce of benzoin. I cut up the paper into six strips, wrote charms and invocations on the first five, and on the remaining one wrote the following words, taken from the glorious Koran: "And we have removed from thee thy veil; and thy sight today is piercing." Then I drew a magic square in the palm of Yaqub's right hand, told him to make a hollow of it, and into the center I poured a pool of ink. I asked him if he saw himself clearly reflected in it, and he answered that he did. I told him not to raise his head. I dropped the benzoin and coriander seeds into the chafing dish, and I burned the invocations upon

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the glowing coals. I next asked him to name the image he desired to see. He thought a moment and said, "A wild horse, the finest of those that graze along the borders of the desert." Looking, he saw a quiet, green pasture, and a minute later a horse drawing near, lithe as a leopard, with a white spot on its face. He asked me for a drove of horses as handsome as the first one, and on the horizon he saw a cloud of dust, and then the drove. It was at this point that I knew my life was spared.

From that day on, with the first streak of light in the eastern sky, two soldiers would enter my cell and lead me to the Ailing's bedchamber, where the incense, the chafing dish, and the ink were already laid out. So it was that he demanded of me, and I showed him, all the visible things of this world. This man, whom I still hate, had in his palm everything seen by men now dead and everything seen by the living: the cities, the climates, the kingdoms into which the earth is divided; the treasures hidden in its bowels; the ships that ply its seas; the many instruments of war, of music, of surgery; fair women; the fixed stars and the planets; the colors used by the ungodly to paint their odious pictures; minerals and plants, with the secrets and properties they hold locked up in them; the silvery angels, whose only food is the praise and worship of the Lord; the awarding of prizes in schools; the idols of birds and kings buried in the heart of the pyramids; the shadow cast by the bull that holds up the world and by the fish that lies under the bull; the sandy wastes of Allah the All-Merciful. He saw things impossible to tell, like gaslit streets and the whale that dies on hearing the cry of a man. Once, he ordered me to show him the city called Europe. I let him see its main thoroughfare, and it was there, I believe, in that great stream of men—all wearing black and many using spectacles—that he first set eyes on the Man with the Mask.

This figure, at times in Sudanese garments and at times in uniform, but always with a veil over his face, from then on haunted the things we saw. He was never absent, and we dared not divine who he was. The images in the mirror of ink, at first fleeting or fixed, were more intricate now; they obeyed my commands without delay, and the tyrant saw them quite plainly. Of course, the growing cruelty of the scenes left us both in a state of exhaustion. We witnessed nothing but punishments, garrotings, mutilations—the pleasures of the executioner and of the merciless.

"Every now and then, Ed gets sort of depressed because he's, you know, a dentist."

• •

In this way, we came to the dawn of the fourteenth day of the moon of Barmahat. The circle of ink had been poured into the tyrant's hand, the benzoin and coriander cast into the chafing dish, the invocations burned. The two of us were alone. The Ailing ordered me to show him a punishment both lawful and unappealable, for that day his heart hungered to view an execution. I let him see the soldiers with their drums, the spread calfskin, the persons lucky enough to be onlookers, the executioner wielding the sword of Justice. Marvelling at the sight of him, Yaqub told me, "That's Abu Kir, he who dealt justice to your brother Ibrahim, he who will seal your fate when it's given me to know the science of bringing together these images without your aid."

He asked me to have the doomed man brought forward. When this was done, seeing that the man to be executed was the mysterious man of the veil, the tyrant paled. I was ordered to have the veil removed before justice was carried out. At this, I threw myself at his feet, beseeching, "O king of time and sum and substance of the age, this figure is not like any of the others, for we do not know his name or the name of his fathers or the name of the city where he was born. I dare not tamper with the image, for fear of incurring a sin for which I shall be held to account."

The Ailing laughed, and when he finished he swore that he would take the guilt on his own head—if guilt there were. He swore this by his sword and by the Koran. I then commanded that the prisoner be stripped, and that he be bound on the calfskin, and that the mask be torn from his face. These things were done. At last, Yaqub's stricken eyes could see the face—it was his own. He was filled with fear and madness. I gripped his trembling hand in mine, which was steady, and I ordered him to go on witnessing the ceremony of his death. He was possessed by the mirror, so much so that he attempted neither to avert his eyes nor to spill the ink. When in the vision the sword fell on the guilty head, Yaqub moaned with a sound that left my pity untouched, and he tumbled to the floor, dead.

Glory be to Him, who endureth forever, and in whose hand are the keys of unlimited Pardon and unending Punishment.

THE CHAMBER OF STATUES

THIS tale, taken from an Arab source, is of uncertain authorship. From internal evidence, we may infer that the writer was a Spanish Muslim:

In ages long gone, in the kingdom

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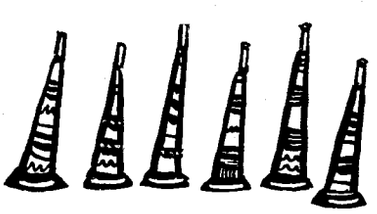
of the Andalusians, there was a city, whose name was Lebtit or Ceuta or Jaén, where the kings had their dwelling place. In this city stood a strong castle with leafed gates meant neither for going in nor for coming out but only to be kept locked. Whenever a king died and another king took the high throne after him, he set with his own hands a new lock to the gates, until these locks numbered twenty-four—one for each of the kings.

After this time, it befell the kingdom that an evil man, who was not of the royal house, usurped the throne and, rather than add a new lock, had a mind to open the twenty-four old locks so that he might see what lay within the castle. The vizier and the emirs beseeched him not to do this, and they hid the iron key ring from him and told him it was easier to add one lock than to force twenty-four. But the king persisted with wondrous craft, saying, "I want to look upon the contents of this castle." They then offered him all the wealth their hands could gather—in flocks, in Christian idols, in silver and gold. Still he would not be denied, and, with his own right hand (may it burn forever!), he prized off the locks.

Inside the castle, they found figures of Arabs—in metalwork and in wood—mounted on their swift camels and horses, with turbans hanging down over their shoulders and scimitars dangling from their belts and bearing long lances in their hands. All these figures were sculptured, and they threw shadows over the floor. The forelegs of the horses, as if they were rearing up, did not touch the ground, and yet the mighty steeds did not topple or fall. Great fear was implanted in the king by these skillful figures, the more so for their discipline and perfect silence, since they all faced the same way—which was toward the west—and not a word or a trumpet blast could be heard from them. This was in the first chamber. In the second, they found the table set for Solomon, son of David—peace be on them both! It was carved from a single emerald, whose color, as everyone knows, is green, and whose hidden virtues are real yet indescribable, for they quiet tempests, protect the chastity of the owner, dispel dysentery and evil spirits, assure a favorable outcome in litigations, and bring great relief in childbearing.

In the third chamber, two books were found. One was black, and it set forth the properties of metals, the use of talismans, and the planetary laws of the days, as well as the preparation of poisons and antidotes. The other book was white, and although its letters were quite clear, no one could decipher its teaching. In the fourth chamber, they found a map of the world, figuring all its kingdoms and cities and seas and castles and perils—each one with its true name and exact shape.

In the fifth chamber, they came upon a circular mirror, made for Solomon, son of David—peace be on the twain!—whose worth was priceless, for it was of mixed metals, and he who looked into it could see the faces of his fathers and his sons from the first Adam down to those who shall hear the Trumpet. The sixth chamber was filled with an elixir, a single dram of which was enough to turn three thousand ounces of silver into three thousand ounces of fine gold. The seventh chamber appeared to be empty. It was so long that even the most skilled of archers could not have shot an arrow from the entrance and hit the opposite wall. On that wall, they found carved a dire inscription. The king read it and understood it, and its words were these: "If any hand dare open the door of this castle, living warriors after the likeness of the figures here depicted will conquer the kingdom."



These things came to pass in the year 89 of the Hegira. Before this twelvemonth was out, Tariq ibn-Ziyad overpowered the fortress, defeated the king, sold his women and children into slavery, and laid waste the land. So it was that the Arabs spread over the kingdom of Andalusia, with its fig trees and watered meadows in which no thirst is suffered. As to the treasures, it is widely known that Tariq, son of Zi-

AT VERA FROST'S PONY FARM

In dusty blockhouses of oak
planking too high to leap, too thick
for their musketry of hooves,
the pony stallions bugle
at one another, march and wheel—
their tails and manes abreeze
like a massing of flags.

They are exactly the size
of rocking horses. Hand on the halter
and forearm to the hard crest—
leading one out to water—
it's you who are led instead
into old attics gritty with husks
of hornets where the toys come to life

and chargers covered in felt
hear in their wooden bones
the bugles at Blenheim.
This is the way they were—hard,
and so light-limbed they were more
winged than shod. No wonder
you could ride in those days

over land, or air, or time—it was mostly time
that went by where you galloped in one place,
on and on, rocking into your own eyes
and into your mind, and back
further than you could remember, and on
among harmless and shadowy missiles
from all those wars you survive—

are safe from—so that they seem
pageantries only, a consternation of gulls
ringing out over a bright harbor.
The toy soldiers, too, come alive.
Put back in his box, this little cavalry
thunders and squeals and pleads to fight to the death
that bugler in the next one.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

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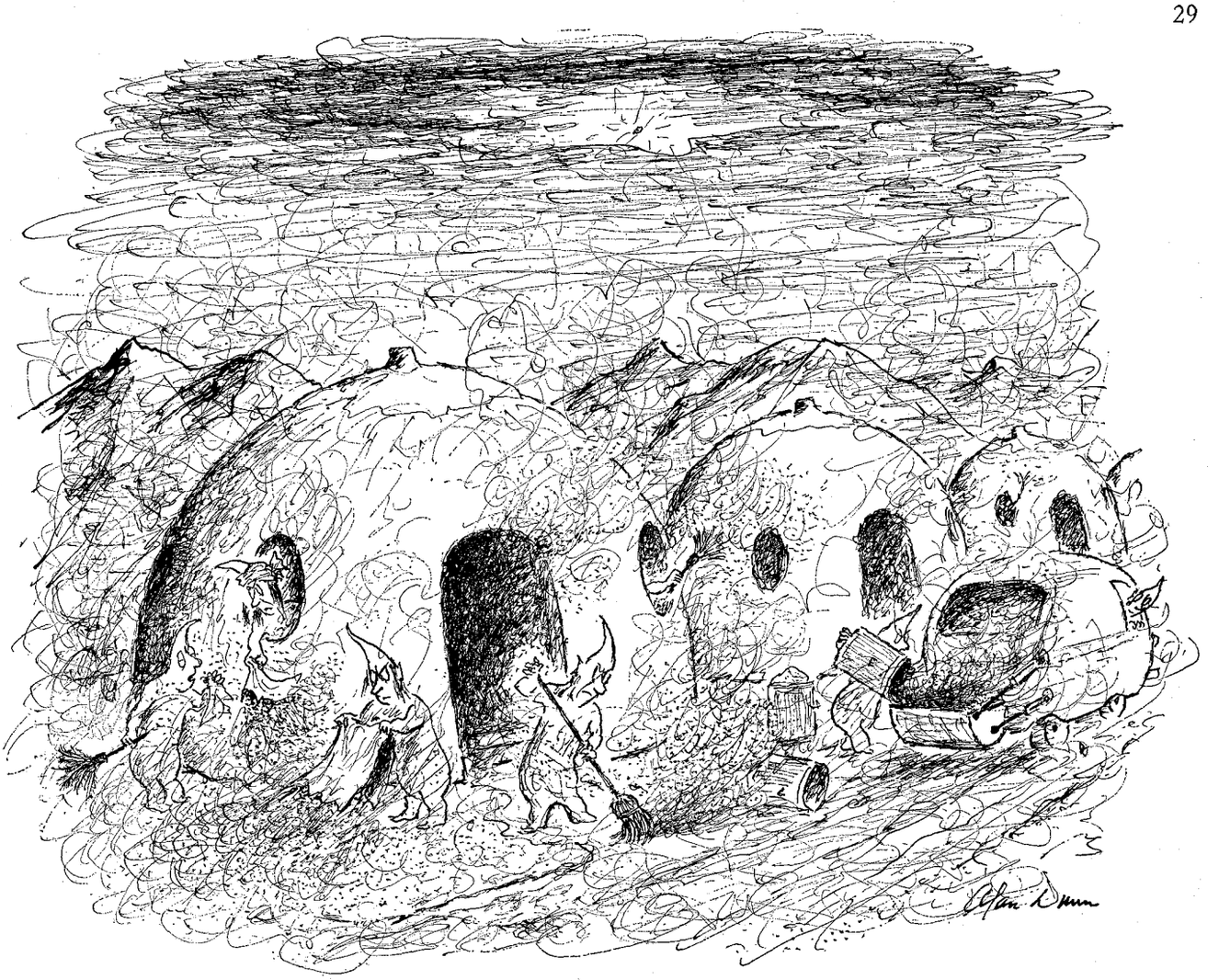

yad, sent them to his lord the caliph, who hoarded them in the heart of a pyramid.

TALE OF THE TWO DREAMERS

THE Arabic historian al-Ishaqi tells this story in the reign of the caliph al-Ma'mun (A.D. 786-833):

Men worthy of trust have recorded (but Allah alone is All-Knowing and All-Powerful and All-Merciful and does not sleep) that there once lived in Cairo a man who possessed great wealth, but so freehanded and liberal was he that he lost all he had, save his father's house, and in time was forced to earn his living by his own hands. He worked so hard that one night sleep overcame him at the foot of a fig tree in his garden, and in a dream he was visited by a man, drenched through and through, who took a gold coin out of his mouth and said to him, "Your fortune lies in Persia, in Isfahan; go thither and seek it."

Early the next morning, the man awoke and set out on the long journey, facing the dangers of desert wastes, of ships, of pirates, of idolaters, of rivers, of wild beasts, and of men. At last, he found his way to Isfahan, but within the gates of that city night overtook him, and he lay down to sleep in the courtyard of a mosque. Close by the mosque there was a house, and, by decree of Allah Almighty, a band of robbers entered the mosque and made its way thence to the adjoining house. But the owners of the house, aroused by the noise of the thieves, awoke and cried out for help. The neighbors, too, shouted for help, until the captain of the police arrived with his officers, and the robbers fled over the rooftops. The captain ordered a search of the mosque, and, finding there the man from Cairo, dealt him such a whipping with bamboo lashes that he was well-nigh dead.

Two days later, he came to his senses in jail. The captain sent for him and asked, "Who are you, and where are you from?"

The man said, "I am from the famed city of Cairo, and my name is Mohammed al-Maghribi." The captain asked him, "And what brought you to Isfahan?" The man chose the truth, and he said to the captain, "I was ordered by one in a dream to go to Isfahan, for my fortune awaited me there. But when I came to Isfahan, the fortune he promised me proved to be the lashing that you so generously dealt me."

Hearing this, the captain laughed until he showed his wisdom teeth, and at last he said, "O man of little wit, thrice have I dreamed of a house in Cairo in whose yard is a garden, at the lower end of which is a sundial and beyond the sundial a fig tree and beyond the fig tree a fountain and beneath the fountain a great sum of money. Yet I have not paid the least heed to this lie; but you, offspring of a mule and a devil, have journeyed from place to place on the faith of a dream. Don't show your face again in Isfahan. Take these coins and leave."

The man took the money and set out upon his homeward march. Beneath the fountain in his garden (which was the one in the captain's dream), he dug up a great treasure. And thus Allah brought abundant blessing upon him and rewarded him and exalted him. Allah is the Beneficent, the Unseen.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.)

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PROFILES

SOLO

THE Jal General Hospital stands on a little rise of gravelly ground just west of the town of Jal, in the rich Permian Basin oil fields of southeastern New Mexico. It was built as a unit of the Lea County hospital system in 1961; it has fifteen double rooms, an emergency room, and two operating rooms; and it serves a community of almost forty-five hundred people. The hospital staff consists of one full-time registered nurse, two part-time registered nurses, seven full-time licensed vocational nurses, three part-time licensed vocational nurses, two nurse's aides, an office manager, two secretaries, a dietary supervisor and four kitchen workers, a janitor, a housekeeper, a laboratory and X-ray technician, and a physician. The physician, whom I recently got to know, is a general practitioner of forty named Elwood L. Schmidt, and he is the only doctor in town.

I came to Jal from Texas—West Texas. I drove from the airport at Midland through Odessa and Notrees and Kermit in a rented car with the radio shouting Pentecostal hymns: "I will never let the Devil win/I will never compromise with sin." Kermit is fifty miles from Odessa, and Jal is eighteen miles (and just across the Texas-New Mexico line) from Kermit, and it was desert all the way. It was flat red sand and gray gravel, mesquite and bunchgrass and tumbleweed, and there were oil wells everywhere. Most of the wells were pumping, and often in the distance there was a silver skyline cluster of bulk-storage tanks and fractionating towers. Along the road were red warning signs: "Caution: Low Pressure Gas Line," "Caution: High Pressure Oil Pipe Line," "Caution: Telephone Cable Underground." There was always a circling hawk in the high blue sky overhead, and the driver of every car I passed raised a finger from the wheel in greeting. I spent the night at the Circle A Motel, on the eastern outskirts of Jal (where I learned from a Chamber of Commerce brochure that the town took its curious name from the cattle brand of an early settler named J. A. Lynch), and ate an early breakfast with a crowd of hardhat roustabouts at a highway café called Theresa's, and then drove out to the hospital to meet Dr. Schmidt in time for his morning rounds.

Dr. Elwood L. Schmidt

The hospital is a long, low building, built of cement blocks painted the color of adobe, with a dusty planting of yuccas out front. I left my car in the parking lot and went into the waiting room. There was a row of chairs along one wall, and across from them were a bench and a little table piled with tattered magazines. On the bench lay a gray-haired man in work clothes and stocking feet. He was asleep and snoring, and he smelled of beer. Through a doorway at the end of the room was a long corridor lined with closed doors: "Emergency Room," "Men," "Janitor," "No Smoking." The "No Smoking" door opened, and Dr. Schmidt emerged—a big man with short, light hair, a long, flat nose, and a wide, smiling mouth. His trousers were green, his jacket was a green-and-brown check, his shirt was yellow, and he wore a yellow-and-brown striped tie. Behind him came a young nurse in a white uniform.

"This is Edna Jean Featherston," he said. "Edna Jean is one of our L.V.N.s, and she is also my rounds nurse this morning." He looked down at the man on the bench. "This poor fellow lost his wife a couple of years back. She died here at the hospital. Sometimes, when he has a few too many, he comes up here to sleep it off. Memories, I suppose. Well, I've got some patients to see. Let's get going."

The rounds cart was waiting down the corridor, in front of the nursing station. It was a metal teacart spread with medical supplies and equipment. Eight patients' charts in metal binders hung on a rack at one end. Dr. Schmidt took a swallow of coffee from a mug on the cart and hung a stethoscope around his neck. Mrs. Featherston got behind the cart, and we followed him down the hall—past a painting of an oil well with cacti and mountains in the background, past "Nursery," past "Laboratory"—to an unmarked door on the left. He took a chart from the rack (*Bruce Marts, 45. Turbine operator, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Duodenal ulcer*) and opened the door.

"How do you feel, Bruce?"

"I feel good. I feel like a fiddle."

"Have you stopped smoking?"

"Well . . ."

"All right. If I send you home with some tablets, can you function?"

"You mean can I work? I think so. I'm ready to try."

"All right. Now hear this. Cigarette smoking is *not* good for your ulcer. This is accepted by medicine as a *fact*. So *don't*. Whatever the temptation. Or provocation. Whatever happens on the job. Whatever somebody says to you. Or whatever they don't say. I know what I'm asking—I haven't had a cigarette in my mouth for sixteen months three weeks and four days, but I still remember the pleasure. I remember, but I don't smoke. And I don't have an ulcer. So."

"Well—I'll keep trying."

"I'll see you at my office in, let's say, two months."

"All right. But, you know, I've been laying here thinking. I mean, all that terrible pain, and you say this ulcer wasn't no bigger than the end of a matchstick."

•

Robert Snider, 27. Machine operator, Trans-West Pipeline Maintenance Co. Upper respiratory infection.

"I didn't hear you hacking as I came down the hall. You must be getting better."

"I been coughing."

"Let's take a look at your ears. Well, that looks better. Now let's see your throat. Uh-huh. And your chest sounds pretty nice. How about your belly?"

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"Well, it don't really ache. It just feels sour down there."

"You've got a good X-ray. No ulcer. And the signs are good. But I think we'll check your stomach acids. It's no problem unless you gag easily. It's just a matter of putting a tube down your throat."

"Whatever you say. But I sure don't feel like going home. I still feel sour."

•

Jack McKeown, 68. Cotton farmer. Observation.

"Well, Jack, you're looking a lot better than you did when they dragged you in last night."

"I feel a lot better."

"Let me hear your heart. Bang, bang, bang—real good. Real strong. Now give me your arm. I want to check your blood pressure. Mmm. O.K. No problem there. And the electrocardiogram we took last night was fine. I think we'll take another—just to be sure. But now I want to know a little more about what happened. You weren't doing a whole lot of talking last night. All I know is you were sitting in the pool hall and all of a sudden—what? You passed out?"

"I don't rightly know. I was setting there watching some fellows playing dominoes, and I come on gradually sick. I felt dizzy, like I was drunk. But I hadn't had a drink of anything all day. Not even a Coke. I hadn't even eaten anything since breakfast. I drove up to Lubbock, where I got a farm, and I started to work breaking land and I guess I just forgot about dinner. Then I come back home and stopped at the pool hall, and that was when it happened. The next thing I knew was some fellows were shaking me and I was wet with sweat and I must have been asleep."

"Jack, I think you're crazy. I think you're a plain damn fool. You drove—how far is it to your place?"

"It's a hundred and ten miles, about."

"You drove a hundred and ten miles up and a hundred and ten miles back, and plowed I don't know how many acres of land, and didn't eat any dinner or even drink a Coke, and you're sixty-eight years old. There may be something serious here, and I'm sure going to find out, but I doubt it. My guess is you just plain wore yourself out."

"Well, I'm resting now."

•

Johnny Mack Owen II, 9. Father, office clerk, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Possible duodenal ulcer.

"Good morning, Johnny Mack. What's that you're reading?"

"It isn't reading. It's a crossword puzzle."

"How's your belly?"

"It feels O.K."

"Let's see what it sounds like. Mmm. It's growling pretty good."

"Did you get the X-rays done?"

"I did. And they don't show an ulcer. They don't show what we call a crater. That's like a little hole. But I don't think that means you haven't got an ulcer. It's like when you're out hunting and you find some deer tracks in the snow. Then you see some deer droppings. Then you come to a tree where a deer has rubbed his horns. Well, you haven't seen an actual deer, but you know there's one around. You *presume* he's there. It's the same with you. We don't see an ulcer, but we can presume from various signs that it's probably there."

"Oh. I'd like to go deer hunting in the mountains sometime."

"I'm sure you will."

"What's a 'mimic'?"

"What? Oh, you mean for your puzzle. It means to make like. To imitate."

"Like a monkey?"

"Right. I'll see you tonight."

•

Laura Lee Whipple, 31. Husband, welder, Jal Welding & Machine Works. Vomiting.

"I don't know. I guess I'm some better."

"No more nausea?"

"Not really. And I did eat some breakfast."

"Good. And you didn't have any nausea yesterday. Well, why don't I let you go home? I guess I will. Now—what to do at home. Frequent small meals. I won't try to tell you that this is the end of it. That would be a story. But the end will come—it's bound to come when the baby is born. You know that from the last time."

"I don't know why I feel this way, Doctor. I didn't feel like this when I was carrying my first baby. I felt real happy. And the second one, too. It seemed to begin with the third. And now—you know, I think this is the worst of all."

"Yes. Well. And now—when you see your friends, what are you going to say? Do you have to say, 'I've been

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in the hospital for three days because I'm pregnant again and I can't keep a thing on my stomach'? No, you don't. Tell them this: 'I had a touch of hyperemesis gravidarum.' "

"What in the world does that mean?"

"It means 'I'm pregnant and I can't keep a thing on my stomach.' "

•

Joe Don Evans, 31. Radio operator, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Bronchitis.

"Joe Don here is one of my showpieces. Am I right, Edna Jean? He's one of the very few patients I've ever done a tonsillectomy on. I don't believe in routine tonsillectomies. I think it's a pernicious operation. Most doctors feel the same. It's the public that believes in tonsillectomies. They want to have the children's tonsils out because it's a tradition. It's American. But Joe Don was a different case. His tonsils were a mess. They had to come out. How are you this morning?"

"I'm not as miserable as I was."

"Your chest sounds good. Is it hurting any?"

"I don't hurt anywhere."

"Maybe we can get you out of here by Sunday. The only thing your tests still show is a little white-blood-cell elevation."

"Let's make it Saturday."

"Saturday? You got a big night planned?"

"You know about Saturday—it's Hal Baker's barbecue. Aren't you and Fay going?"

"What's he barbecuing?"

"Goat, man. You tell him, Edna Jean. San Angelo goat. Hal and them were out getting mesquite for the fire last week."

"Well, then. I guess you might be there. I'll think about it, anyway."

•

Lavinia Tredway, 52. Husband, house painter & roustabout. Acute bronchitis & anxiety state.

"They tell me you're still coughing."

"Not too much."

"And you're still on those damn cigarettes."

"I've been trying not to."

"Well, keep trying. It's your only hope. Now breathe for me. I want to listen to your chest. You sound better—and you look a little bit better. What does your husband say?"

"He come in here last night thinking to be nice by visiting me. He'd changed his clothes and everything. I guess it was for me. But I don't know. It wasn't too good. We got a little nervous."

"Was he—"

"I don't believe he'd had a single drink. You know, Doctor, I just don't understand this drinking. I don't mean him. I mean me. I don't ever really want a drink. I mean, why do I take that first drink? That sure isn't my idea of a good time. People say there's nothing to do around here but drink. But I know people that don't drink. Maybe I ought to play cards. Or go to the cockfights. I wish they had a movie. I like to cook a good dinner. But something always seems to happen. You know that burn on my elbow—where I leaned on a cigarette? I didn't even feel it."

"How much were you smoking then? How many packs a day?"

"Three, I guess. No, I'll be honest—it was more like four."

"Well, you've made some progress. And you're pretty well dried out."

"I don't even like the taste of *beer*."

•

William Harris, 28. Electrician, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Back pain.

"Good news, Bill. The X-rays of your back are all right. Nothing showed. How do you feel?"

"I feel better. I feel real good."

"Those are sweet words to a doctor. You mean, no pain at all?"

"Not really. You know, I wish I knew how this happened. That motor I was lifting, it didn't weigh much more than a hundred and fifty pounds, and I can lift that easy. Heck, I'm a weight lifter, you know that. I guess what I did was pick it up a little twisted."

"I'll bet you dropped it real fast."

"Oh, I didn't drop it. It hurt like heck, but I carried it on over to the pump. Shoot, you can't just drop a valuable electric motor like that."

"Swing your feet over the side of the bed and let's look at your reflexes. Good—that's good. I think you are a whole lot better. Now let's see you stand up. Now walk over to the door and back. That's right—keep walking. Yesh, offisher, I can walk that there line as straight as anybody. Very good. Now, I'm going to give you some exercises. You know them. You learned them in the service. They'll give you something to do when you're tired of reading—what's that magazine there? . . . Oh? Well, now. I didn't know you were a drag racer, Bill."

"Oh, sure."

"Bill, I will say you're much farther along than I expected. But I have to say this. There's always a chance that you'll cough and *bang*—a setback. I'm telling you so you won't worry if it happens. It's not at all uncommon with a back like yours."

"What do you call a back like mine?"

"I don't know. There isn't a name for everything. It don't have to have a name to hurt, and it don't have to have a name to be treated. I know folks like to have things named. But I can't always oblige."

"Well, I'll try not to cough."

HARRIS was the end of morning rounds. I looked at my watch: it was nine-twenty. We went back up the long hall. Johnny Mack Owen's door was open. He was sitting up in bed with the television on, a model airplane in his lap, and a book in his hand: "The Mystery of the Mountain Cave." We left Mrs. Featherston and the cart at the nursing station, and the duty nurse handed Dr. Schmidt a handful of memoranda. He stuffed them in his pocket. The sleeper was gone from the waiting room. Outside, there was a pale-blue Mercury sedan parked at a "Doctors Only" sign.

"Have you got a car?" Dr. Schmidt said. "Well, leave it here and ride back to my office with me. You can pick it up later. We'll be coming back here again. And, probably, again. Well, that was nice and quiet, wasn't it? No crises. Although I must say I've been a little bit worried about Bruce Marts and that ulcer of his. I mean, this isn't his first one."

"You seem to see a lot of ulcers."

"Right. There *are* a lot of ulcers. Johnny Mack's dad has one, and so does his mother. I don't know why. I wish I did. Except that most of the plants here work their people on rotating shifts—tours, they call them. That can play hell with the human body. I never take any chances with an ulcer. They frighten me. I have an old fellow in the hospital at Kermit who has me scared to death. I was conditioned on ulcers by a teacher at medical school. I'm from South Texas, and I studied at the University of Texas Medical Branch, at Galveston. I graduated in 1956. That's where I met my wife. Ila Fay is a Texan, too, from Amarillo, and she's also an R.N. She worked until the children began to come along. Well, that teacher taught me that an untreated ulcer was a cocked pistol. When something suggests an ulcer to me, I want that man in the hospital. Of course, hospitalization isn't the problem here that it is

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in so many places. We usually have a bed, and the expense doesn't matter too much. Our big industry in Jal is El Paso Natural Gas. They've got four big plants and their Permian Division offices here. I understand there are pipelines under practically every inch of Lea County. Anyway, El Paso has a very liberal health-insurance program. They take good care of their people. El Paso built my office in order to get a doctor here. Not me—my predecessor, Dr. O'Loughlin. And they charge me a very nominal rent. Dr. O'Loughlin left soon after I arrived, in 1961. He's practicing in Abilene now. I wish he had stayed here. I wish I had *some* help. You know, it's almost funny. I came here because Dr. O'Loughlin needed help. I was practicing in Slaton, Texas, up near Lubbock, and Slaton was over-doctored. It was full of doctors, and I had so little to do I was bored to death, and when the Jal Chamber of Commerce advertised for another doctor I jumped at the chance. And now look at me! I haven't had a day off in four months. Solo practice has its satisfactions, but this is just a little too solo. My God, when my wife and I want to be alone for a little while at night I've got to take the telephone off the hook."

We turned off the highway and drove down a long, bare block of little brick houses set in little bare yards. We passed a new brick post office on a lawn with a flagpole. We turned into Main Street, a wide business street with a concrete mall down the middle and two blocks of one-story buildings—Wacker's Variety Store, City Barber Shop, Jal Recreation Center, Aunt Dorothy's Cafe, Roy & Rena's Bar, Midget Cafe, Bob's Superette, Cactus Bar, New Mexico Bank & Trust Co., Bert's Place, Lewis Drugs, Jal Cleaners, McKeown's Dry Goods. We turned off Main Street and pulled up at a one-story cement-block building painted pale blue. It was planted with evergreens, and there was an inscription above the door: "Jal Medical Center."

"We'll go in the back way," Dr. Schmidt said. "The waiting room is just a waiting room, and it's probably full of folks. I see patients from when I get here in the morning until they let me leave for lunch, and from when I get back until they stop coming. Everything opens off this hall. That door on the left is our X-ray room, and this one here is the laboratory. My girls do simple X-rays and routine laboratory tests. I like to have a white blood count when somebody's got a cough or such. These four numbered doors are consultation rooms. The girls bring the patients in and get their histories and get them ready, and I see them in turn. My private office is here on the right, and this is the general office. I want you to meet Mary Butler. Mary is my receptionist and bookkeeper. And these lovely girls are the nurses. They work for me, and their husbands all work for El Paso. Cecilia Davis. Joan Roberts. Nadine Brookings. All right, girls. Quick—while I've got a chance—some coffee. And what are you all grinning about?"

"Here's a present for you, Doctor," Mrs. Davis said.

"Oh? Hey—chocolate-chip cookies. And homemade. Where did they come from?"

"Dana Riggs brought them in on her way to school."

"Well, now. Wasn't that nice!"

"What I want to know is this," Mrs. Butler said. "Why are you getting presents from a pretty girl like Dana?"

"I let her correct my grammar when she was in here yesterday," Dr. Schmidt said. "I let her think she knew the difference between 'shall' and 'will.'"

WE drank our coffee (sweetened with saccharin and stirred with a wooden tongue depressor) in Dr. Schmidt's office. The office was hung with framed diplomas and certificates—from the University of Texas at Galveston; from White Cross Hospital, in Columbus, Ohio (where he interned); from the American Academy of General Practice—and his desk was piled with books and papers and periodicals, and decorated with two standing photographs. One was a studio triptych of his children (three small boys), and the other was a grinning chimpanzee in a doctor's white coat, with the caption "Whatever it was you had, you've got it again." Dr. Schmidt sipped his coffee and looked at his mail and ate a chocolate-chip cookie. The telephone rang, and he answered it ("Oh? No—that's not too good. . . . Yes, I do. . . . I'll turn you back to Nadine. She'll give you an appointment") and wrote something on a memorandum pad and ate another cookie. There was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Roberts looked in. Dr. Schmidt nodded, and drank the last of his coffee and stood up. We went out and across the hall to a numbered door with a folder clipped to the

"Please, not just an autograph. I want it to say, 'To Marge with love, from the author of this dirty book.'"

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"He has charisma and absolutely nothing else. He's bound to be a winner."

• •

panel. He took down the folder and gave it a glance (*Mrs. Burma Cusenbary, 33. Husband, electrician, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Pain*) and opened the door.

"You, too? That husband of yours was in here just the other day about cutting his finger half off. What's *your* trouble?"

"You're going to laugh at me. But my jaw hurts. It hurts when I chew. It's like there's something wrong with my wisdom teeth. Only I don't have any wisdom teeth anymore."

"Very good. Your description is excellent. There's a six-hundred-page book devoted to the joint where the jaw hooks onto the skull, and it doesn't say it any better than you did. They call it the temporomandibular joint. Has it ever locked on you?"

"Oh, yes. That's what is so embarrassing. Sometimes when I'm laughing. I can't close it—I have to take my hands and *push* it shut."

"Well, you can get arthritis there like anywhere else. The question is, what do we do?"

"I suppose you could amputate my jaw."

"That may not be necessary. Let's try aspirin first. Let's say eight or ten tablets every day, and take them at mealtime. I think that may be all you need. If not, we'll start thinking about a dentist. How's Phil doing?"

"He's fine. But he was lucky, wasn't he?"

"He could have lost the end of his finger, you mean? Yes, he was lucky."

•

Cavin Horne, 5. Father, rig operator, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Cough.

"Good morning, Mrs. Horne. Good morning, Cavin. So your mother is making you play hooky from kindergarten."

"I didn't want to take any chances, Doctor. He was coughing again, and he had a fever of 101.2 last night."

"Mmm. I don't hear any wheezing. I don't find any evidence of pneumonia. I think he's just back on his old bronchitis. You're a pretty experienced patient, aren't you, Cavin? We've got a real big history on you for a boy of five—including a duodenal ulcer. But we'll lick 'em yet."

"I wonder, Doctor. His sister, you know, she went through a period like this, with a regular cough and a runny nose, but she finally outgrew it. Do you think maybe Cavin will do the same?"

"Could be, I guess. But you're right about kindergarten. I'm afraid Cavin will be playing hooky all the rest of the week."

"Did I tell you we're moving? I think where we're going there may be less dust. I hope so—for all our allergies. What do you think?"

"I think it's dusty everywhere."

•

Benjamin May, 21. Production dispatcher, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Knee.

"That's an ugly-looking knee. What did you do to it?"

"It's a floor burn. I got it playing basketball out at the plant. Then it like got infected."

"So I see. Now I'll tell you what you're going to do. One: get some soap and work up a thick lather on your knee. Two: rub this ointment on it. Three: here are some penicillin tablets. That's for the infection, in case it's strep. I could do a ten-dollar laboratory analysis and wait five days for the results to come back, but I'm going to save you time and money and assume it's strep."

"O.K."

"Now, wait a minute. That isn't all. I'm going to give you a free lecture. The subject is that red stuff you painted on you knee—whatever it is. That's what caused all this trouble. I know this goes against your lifelong American sports tradition, but never, *never*, NEVER put that red stuff on a wound. It burns it. It irritates it. It's *no good* on broken skin. And try to keep from falling down for the next five days."

•

Cynthia Wood, 8. Father, head of W. E. Gray Roustabout Service. Rash.

"Doctor, I want you to look at this child. I don't know what you're going to say, but I got to thinking and worrying. Her first bumps come out about a week ago. Now those on her back look like they're getting well. The ones on her stomach there, they're the newest ones. Now, what comes to my mind was the chicken pox."

"Oh?"

"That's right. That's exactly what I got to thinking."

"Well, let's take a look. I'm looking at your stomach, Cynthia. And now I'm pinching something between my fingers. What do you think it's called?"

"Fat?"

"Right. And what do you think you ought to do about it?"

"Diet?"

"Right. You don't want to be a big fat girl that can't play and have

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any fun. Now, about this rash. I don't think it's chicken pox. I don't think it's an allergy, like hives. I think these are some kind of bug bites. Do you-all have a dog?"

"A dog? We got a hound."

"Good. I suggest you go on home and look him over for fleas. Meanwhile, I'll give Cynthia some oral antihistamine for the itching. And let me know about the dog."

•

Jack Leisure, 46. Jal Water Dept. Ulcer.

"This is just a checkup, isn't it, Jack?"

"That's right. I'm doing real good. I think that ulcer is all healed up."

"I think so, too. I think it started healing the minute you sold your filling station and went back to work for the city."

"I know it did. I shouldn't never have tried it on my own. It don't make me happy to be the boss. I'd rather somebody else had the worries."

"You had a sad experience. But I guess it was instructive."

"I learned a lot. I learned that when you give your friends credit and they don't pay, you lose your money and you lose your friends, both."

•

Mrs. Sandra Phillips, 22. Husband, welder. Pregnant.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with you."

"I'm too heavy, ain't I?"

"You're much too heavy. Do you know what you weigh? Two hundred and three pounds. Now, listen to me. Excessive weight gain in a first pregnancy is associated with a lot of troubles. It's courting disaster. I mean, it's dangerous. Your blood pressure is borderline high. Good nutrition is important for you and the baby, but too much is too much."

"My husband, he don't help me."

"What do you mean?"

"I try to cut down on eating and he gets mad. He goes on like crazy. He says I'm starving the baby."

"Well, I say you aren't. You tell him to stop practicing medicine. I don't tell him how to weld."

•

Mrs. Barbara Stirman, 57. Husband, pipe fitter. Gallstones.

"You're looking pretty good, Mrs. Stirman. I hope you feel that way."

"I guess I do—at times. But that diet you gave me. It's a problem. Everything is so difficult here. I guess I'm spoiled. My husband had three solid years of work in one place before we came here. We even had a house. I don't know, I get so sick of travelling from job to job. You know, we've been in Alaska and up in Montana and in Wyoming and over to Oklahoma. It was nice having a house. But now we're back in a trailer, and it's crowded and it's cold and the windows are drafty. And the stores here. You can't buy anything bigger than a match except you go down to Kermit or Odessa. You can't get skim milk. You can't get dry cottage cheese. That's what I meant about your diet. And then last night I ate something that made me sick. I guess it was the spaghetti."

"Well, that wasn't real sensible, was it?"

"I guess not. But I get so blue. Living in a trailer and all."

"How are you sleeping?"

"Oh, I sleep all right. I never complain about sleeping. But did you ever hear of somebody having triple vision?"

"I've heard of everything. Do you have it?"

"Yes."

"When did it begin?"

"I was going down the hall of the trailer, and it hit me just like that. It was like that vent you've got up there on the wall—I see three of it. It's a crazy feeling."

"I'm sure it is. But I don't think we'll change anything. I think we'll stay with the prescriptions you have for another two weeks. Then call me."

"I don't even have a telephone in that trailer."

•

Jennifer Hicks, 8 months. Father, pastor, Church of Christ Church. Cough.

"Well, Mrs. Hicks, how are you liking Jal by now?"

"I like it fine—we both do."

"I forget where you come from."

"From Roby. I come from Roby, Texas. That's up near Abilene. But I didn't live right in town. I lived, oh my goodness, ten miles out of town. That's how I come to mislike towns. Jal is just about right for me—for us. I'm not so much on this fast pace of living."

"Well, I know what you mean. But what's the trouble with Jennifer?"

"I thought she sounded croupy. She sounded awful croupy yesterday. And this morning she woke up crying."

"Her white blood count is normal. But I'm just a little bit worried. I'm wondering if this is asthma. But I have to say no to that. You don't see asthma in a baby under two. Does that mean she's likely to develop asthma later on? Yes, it does. It's very possible. Is there anything to do? Probably not. But we're going to try diet—a milk-free diet. And a dust-free environment. And I'm going to prescribe an antihistamine. Then we'll see."

"You think she's going to get asthma?"

"It's possible. But we can take comfort in the old saying: All that wheezes is not asthma. Suppose you bring her back in about ten days."

•

Mrs. Billie Beaird, 33. Husband, head of Jal Gas Co. Ear.

"Tell me about your ear."

"Well, it started out just itching. Then it got kind of sore. Then it started roaring. It's this left one. And it bothers me."

"O.K. Now—open your mouth."

"You want to look in my mouth?"

"I thought I might."

"Then wait a sec. I got to get rid of my gum."

"I'll wait. All right? O.K. Now turn your head so I can look at your ears. Mmmm. And you can go back to your gum if you like."

"I swallowed it."

"Well, that's getting rid of it. About your ear. I think what you've got is a nervous rash. I'm going to give you some eardrops. *My God!* I'm prescribing eardrops. Well, there are times when they are indicated, and this is one of those times."

•

Fernando Acosta, 28. Jal Water Dept. Burn.

"How in the name of God did you do that?"

"I spilled some sulphuric acid. I splashed some on my pants and—oh, Jesus, it burned right through to my leg. So quick. Then it began to hurt. I washed it off with soap and water, and somebody gave me this salve. Is it any good?"

"Only for the manufacturer. Give it to me. See that wastebasket over there? Now watch. Gone. I'll give you something that *will* help—an antibiotic ointment. But that damn stuff you had—it makes me mad. It makes me furious. Some damn fool congressman will stand up and raise Cain about the Pill. That gets his name in the paper. Why don't they speak out about these damn benzocaine preparations? They're promoted for topical anesthesia for burns and abrasions, and they help

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very little or none. They can actually be harmful. There are local reactions and systemic reactions and severe allergic reactions—all possible and all well reported. But I guess there's more goddam political mileage in yelling about the Pill."

•

Mrs. Eloise Dobbs, 38. Husband, feed store. Chest pain.

"This whole side of my chest hurts, Elwood. It really hurts."

"What about your heart—any irregular beat?"

"I haven't noticed any. Elwood, I just want to feel good again."

"That's a reasonable request. And I think it's very possible you will."

"But what do you think? Is it my heart? Is it my lungs?"

"Now, you won't believe this—but I don't know. I do not know. But I wonder. Are you lifting any sacks down at the store?"

"I lift some. But only fifty pounds or so. And only for the woman customers."

"I think you'd better let your lady customers lift their own sacks. If I know those ladies, they can do it just as well as you can. Maybe better."

•

Lester Sharp, 62. Operator. Pain.

"Well, Lester—what is it today?"

"I got trouble. That goddam pain."

"You mean your ulcer? Or your arthritis?"

"I mean my leg. That damn pain goes right down my leg. I called you the other day, but you were out."

"The girls said you called, but you didn't make an appointment."

"No, I didn't. I was in pain. I went to see a doctor in Kermit. But he didn't give me no satisfaction. None at all. Then I tried a chiropractor and—"

"All right, Lester. Don't tell me about your chiropractor, you hear? Or I'll get mad, real mad."

"I tell you this pain hasn't let me be in two whole weeks. Oh, damn, I need help."

"Then drop your pants and get up on the table. Is this the spot?"

"That and all around there."

"All right. I'm going to give you two injections. The first is a local anesthetic. Roll over on your belly and hold still. I said hold still. And this one is cortisone. I think—God damn it, Lester, hold still! You've got a three-inch needle sticking in your butt. How's your ulcer?"

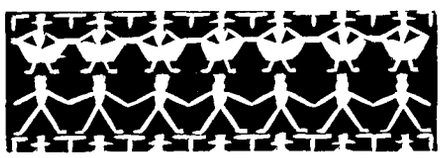
"It's all right. It don't bother me much."

"Is that a fact? Well, I'm surprised. One of the girls saw you at the store the other day. She said you were buying a carton of cigarettes and a case of Coke."

"Ohhh. By God, I feel better already. I think you saved my life."

DR. SCHMIDT and I had our lunch (or noon dinner) in Kermit. He had two Medicare patients in Memorial Hospital there whom he wished to see. Memorial, where Dr. Schmidt has staff privileges, is a large hospital with an intensive-care unit and other sophisticated facilities not available at Jal General. We stopped at the hospital first. One of the patients was an elderly woman in intensive care. The other was the man of whom he had spoken—an elderly man with a duodenal ulcer. ("Frank's been bleeding on and off all week," Dr. Schmidt said as we left the hospital. "I don't know how many pints of blood we've had to give him. He also has congestive heart failure and emphysema. But you noticed when we came into the room—there he was with a cigarette in his mouth.") Kermit is the seat of Winkler County, and we lunched (or dined) at a café on the courthouse square called Dolly's Family Style Meals. We shared a table for eight with five other men. Dr. Schmidt knew them all. The food was on the table, and we helped each other and ourselves. There was a platter of sliced pot roast and a bowl of chicken fricassee. There were yellow grits and mashed potatoes and giblet dressing and sweet potatoes with marshmallows. There were black-eyed peas and red beans and green beans and collard greens and carrots and broccoli and creamed corn and a gravy boat of pepper sauce. There was Waldorf salad and fruit salad and combination salad. There was corn bread and rolls and hot biscuits. There was a pound of butter on a plate and a bowl of grape jelly. There was iced tea and hot coffee. Dessert was peach cobbler. There was no tipping. We paid the cashier. There was a dish of after-dinner mints on the counter and a cup of toothpicks. Our lunches (or dinners) were a dollar and a half apiece.

"I don't eat like that every day," Dr. Schmidt said. "I usually go home for lunch. Although I will say Aunt Dorothy's Cafe in Jal has a real good meat loaf. When the weather is nice, I like to walk to lunch. It's about a mile from my office to home, and I need the exercise. Of course, it isn't easy. I can hardly walk a block without somebody driving by and stopping with something they want to ask me about. This is good country for walking. We don't have any hills, and it almost never rains. Our New Mexico weather is really pretty nice. They tell about a couple of old girls living up on the New Mexico-Colorado line in a strip of country that both states claimed. For a while, it was called New Mexico. Then Colorado took it over. Finally, the states agreed to submit the matter to arbitration, and the day the commission announced its decision one old girl came running home with the news: Their land was in New Mexico. The other old girl gave a sigh. 'Well, thank heavens,' she said. 'I tell you, Mary Flo, I just don't think I could have stood another of those Colorado winters.' I like that story. So true. And I like this kind of day. Not too cool. Very little wind. I suppose there are people somewhere out playing golf today. Dreams of bliss. Playing golf in the middle of the week. I've done it once or twice. I remember the last time. I was playing with a doctor friend in Kermit, and he mentioned a patient of his who was having a sleep problem. He was waking up very early and he couldn't get back to sleep. He lay there thinking. There were a couple of other things my doctor friend told me, and I said it sounded to me like a case of depression—endogenous depression. I said if the man were my patient I'd hospitalize him for some close observation. People like that have a high suicide potential. Just getting them into the hospital environment is sometimes a very big help. The home can be the enemy, you know. In that and a lot of other conditions. Anyway, I was eating supper that night when the phone rang, and it was my Kermit friend. He thought I would be interested to know that the fellow we were talking about that afternoon had just put a shotgun in his mouth and blown his head off."



It was almost two o'clock when we got back to the Medical Center in Jal. I counted five cars nosed in at the curb in front. One of them had a bumper sticker: "Why Not? Jal, N.M." The doors of all the consultation rooms were closed, and there were folders already clipped to the panels. Dr. Schmidt took off his checked jacket and sat down at his desk and looked at a long memorandum. The telephone rang.

"Yes," he said. "I was just looking at it. I'll see him on evening rounds.

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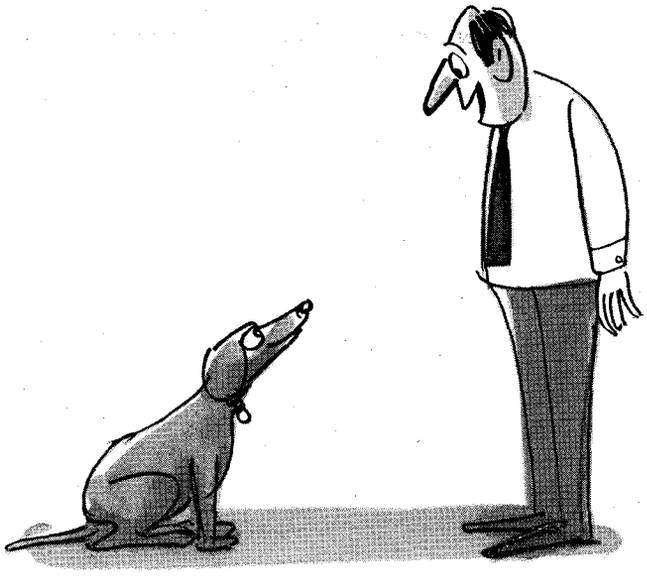

"Speak!"

"Fourscore and seven years ago . . ."

•

Thank you, Nadine. . . . What? . . . All right—put her on." He looked at me and made a long face. "Hello? . . . Yes? . . . Oh, no. . . . Oh, dear. . . . Oh, hell. . . . That's bad news. I guess we were a little too optimistic. Oh, yes—by all means. I'll have one of the girls make the arrangements. And don't you worry about anything. I'll see you tonight at the hospital." He hung up. "That was the pregnant lady we saw at the hospital this morning. Poor girl. As soon as she got home, she started in vomiting again. I wish all my cases were as easy to understand as that. It's all very sad and simple. The only trouble is, I can't do a whole lot for her." He pushed back his chair. "Well, let's see what's on the program for this afternoon."

•

Steven Brooks, 16. Father, operator. Ear.

"Hello, Steve. My God—what did you do to your hair?"

"I guess I kind of let it grow."

"I guess you did—all the way. Well, what's this about your ear?"

"It's my right ear. It's just been, you know, ringing."

"Nobody fetched you like a clout on that ear?"

"Oh, no. But it seems like— You remember I had mononucleosis a while back. It seems like I've been noticing this ringing since about then."

"I guess there could be some connection. But that's pretty farfetched. Tell me more."

"Well, I wash my hair a lot. And then, of course, I've got this little rock band. I play drums."

"Go on. You have my full attention."

"Well, I spend a lot of time, you know, practicing? I mean, I set my drums between the speakers and turn them up pretty high. You think that could be it?"

"I think I'll see how well you hear this tuning fork. Now, tell me when you stop hearing the sound. . . . Yes? . . . O.K.? . . . Now? . . . Still hearing it? . . . Mmm. Well, your ears are balanced, and there's no hearing loss as far as I can tell from this. But amplified music—any kind of amplified music—can result in definite hearing loss. There have been a lot of studies on that subject lately. It's like working in a boiler factory. I suggest you lay off practicing for a few days. And before you play your next gig, get yourself a pair of earplugs. They won't keep you from functioning, but they will cut down the noise. That's all I can suggest right now—give your ears a rest. If the ringing continues or gets worse, we'll think about a specialist."

"O.K. Hey—I just thought of something, Doctor. I get some noise at school, too. I take welding in shop."

"Get those earplugs."

•

James Day, 4 weeks old, and Donald Day, 2. Father, pipe fitter, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Cough.

"What's this—an epidemic?"

"It's really just Jamie, Doctor. Little old Jamie, he can't hardly breathe. The minute he lays flat, he starts snorting. Don here, he's just got himself a cough. Jamie started in coughing the night before last. He eats fine. It's just that he has a rough time breathing."

"Well, let's take a look. Mmm. Uh-huh. Well. What are you feeding him?"

"I just now started him on a little rice cereal."

"You did, eh? Very good. You did just right. I give you an A in my record book. I like to see all my four-week-old babies started on rice cereal. O.K. Now, I'm going to give you some nose drops for Jamie. I think we can forget about Don. He's all right. But about the nose drops—let's don't overdo it. I don't like those things—you can get hooked on them. Have you got a vaporizer?"

"Have I got a vaporizer? In Jal, New Mexico? Is there anybody here who hasn't got one?"

"Probably not. But get yours out. And keep in touch. I sure want to know if Jamie starts running any kind of fever."

•

Richard Muncrief, 12. Father, operator, El Paso Natural Gas Co. Backache.

"Hello, Mrs. Muncrief. Hi, Rick. Now, who's got the nagging backache?"

"Well, for once it isn't me, Doctor. It's Rick."

"Where does it hurt, Rick?"

"Up here—up along the spine. It hurts worst when I first get up."

"How about when you urinate?"

"A little bit."

"O.K. Let's see if I can find anything. Lean to the right. Now to the left. Now back. Now toward your

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toes—way down. All right. How about joint pain?"

"No."

"Hip pain?"

"No."

"Here—kick my hand. Now the other foot."

"Rick isn't a complainer, Doctor. He really isn't. But he says it hurts awful, and when he says awful he means *awful*."

"I don't doubt it. But I hear from my son Paul that you're still making early-morning basketball practice at school."

"Well, yes."

"I'll tell you what I think. This could be either a minor or a chronic muscle pain. Early-morning backache—is it early arthritis of the spine? I can't say. The only way to find out is to test. I think it's significant enough to warrant coming in to the hospital some weekend soon for some tests and X-rays. If they're positive for arthritis, then we'll know what to do. Why don't you-all figure out a good time and let me know. How's your little sister, Rick?"

"She's O.K., I guess."

"Actually, Doctor, she's been running a little sugar. Maybe I'd better bring her in."

"Maybe you'd better."

•

Mrs. Lillie May Dunn, 72. Widow. Heart.

"I've got some questions for you, Lillie May. It's been over a year since you've been in here—why? And when your sister made this appointment, she told me you'd stopped taking your blood-pressure pills—why?"

"I don't know. I never liked those pills, I guess."

"Well, how do you feel?"

"The same—terrible."

"In what way?"

"Like I got up early and worked hard all day long."

"Well, I guess you know what that feels like."

"I sure do."

"I'm going to check your blood pressure. You don't have to hold your breath. Mmm. O.K. Have you been sleeping all right?"

"I sleep all the time. I slept through the television yesterday afternoon. My favorite show, too."

"Are you short of breath?"

"Some."

"I'll tell you your trouble, Lillie May. You've been neglecting yourself. You've gone into heart failure. When I listen to your chest, I can hear a lot of what we call moist rales—a lot of mucus."

"Is that serious?"

"Of course it's serious. I'm going to send you to the hospital. You need some looking after."

"All right. But when?"

"In about an hour."

"From now?"

"That's right."

"How about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? You got something planned for this afternoon?"

"No. Oh, no—it isn't that. It just seemed so sudden."

•

Mitchell Brininstool, 16. Father, head of X-L Transportation Co. Stomachache.

"Elwood, I thought you'd better have a look at this boy."

"Right. What's your trouble, Mitchell?"

"He's got stomach cramps, Elwood, and he's nauseated and he's got diarrhea."

"What have you been eating, man?"

"Sometimes he eats what we eat and sometimes he eats junk. Teen-age junk. I was worried about appendicitis."

"You want me to take his appendix out, JoAnn? Let's wait a minute. I ought to examine him first. Can you describe the pain, Mitchell? Where does it hurt?"

"It like comes and goes."

"That sounds like colic. Did you burp him, JoAnn?"

"It doesn't bother me at night. I sleep O.K."

"Well, seriously, I don't think it's appendicitis. The pain in appendicitis is right around—you don't mind if I draw a diagram on your belly? That kind of pain is around here. And yours is over here. Also, this is a colicky pain. It's a spasm—literally a nervous gut. It's probably emotional in origin. I'm going to give you a prescription for a gut sedative. That will quiet you down, and I think you'll stop hurting. You play basketball, don't you, Mitchell?"

"Yes, sir."

"As a matter of fact, you're one of the leaders?"

"Well, I'm the captain."

"Right. And you're a blood player, aren't you? You want to win?"

"Yes, sir. I guess so."

"And the Jal Panthers haven't had too good a season this year, have they?"

"No, sir. It's been real bad. We lost again on Monday."

"O.K., Mitchell. JoAnn, I guess I'll see you at Hal Baker's barbecue on Saturday. I hear he's barbecuing a goat."

"Yes. But, Elwood—my Lord! You mean Mitchell's trouble is nerves? You mean at sixteen years old he's got nerves? Just like all the rest of us?"

•

Cynthia Hurta, 15. Father, grocery store. Sore eye.

"It says here you've got a sore eye, Cynthia. Which eye?"

"It's this one—the left. I was helping Mom at the store, carrying stuff around, and, I don't know, maybe I got something in it, and I began to rub it and it was sore. That was last night."

"Let's take a look. Mmm. Right. You've got a nice little pimple there. But I need help—wait a minute. *Joan! Cecilia! Somebody!* Joan, I need you. Take this light. I'm going to nick the top off this pimple here. Now, hold the light—that's right. Now then."

"*Doctor!* You're not going to *cut* it off! With that *knife!* Oh, *no!*"

"Be quiet, Cynthia. You won't even feel it."

"Can't you use like a needle or something? Oh, Doctor—*please!*"

"There—it's done. What's the matter with you, Cynthia?"

"I guess I'm just a rotten coward."

"For heaven's sake. I wouldn't hurt you, baby. You know that."

"I thought you were going to like carve your initials."

"Nonsense. I like your sarape, Cynthia—all that fringe. *And* all those beads. They're delicious. You look good in beads."

"Good. Now, Dr. Schmidt, *you* hold still. I want to see how *you* look in love beads. Wow—you look terrific."

"Hey—I do, don't I?"

"Promise me you'll wear them?"

"I solemnly swear. Now, get out. I've cured you, baby. Go home."

DR. SCHMIDT lives on a quiet street of mulberry trees and watered green lawns on the south side of town. The desert begins at the end of his street, and the nearest oil and gas plants are a couple of miles away and to leeward of the prevailing desert wind. His house is a rambling brick house with a walled garden in back and a big mimosa tree overhanging the front door. The door was opened by a boy in glasses and a Boy Scout T-shirt.

"This is Paul," Dr. Schmidt said. "Paul is my No. 1 son. No. 2 is Philip,

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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...

REC'D
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA — DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA — ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENT CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines.

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and No. 3 is Tim. They're probably around here somewhere."

"They're out," Paul said.

A slim young woman with golden-red hair came into the room.

"And this is my wife," Dr. Schmidt said. "I'm home, Ila Fay. And I hope to God we've got time for a drink before supper. I'm just a little . . ."

"There's time," Mrs. Schmidt said. "You-all go in and sit down and I'll— *Elwood!* What in the world have you got around your neck?"

"Love beads, ma'am."

"Wow!"

"Yes. They're a present from a grateful patient—from Cynthia Hurta. She was that glad she survived a little operation this afternoon."

"Well," Mrs. Schmidt said. "Oh, Elwood—did Mrs. You-Know-Who call you?"

"No—why?"

"She called you here around noon. She said she was in pain. It was the most urgent, most unbearable distress. She said she was in such agony she could hardly hold the phone in her hand. I advised her to call the office. Then I went down to the store. And guess who I saw going into Susan's Beauty Parlor?"

We had our drinks in a family room that overlooked the walled garden. It was a big, comfortable room with a table set for supper at one end and a fireplace laid with piñon-pine logs at the other. A mounted nine-foot sailfish hung above the fireplace.

"That fish up there is documentary proof that I had a vacation once," Dr. Schmidt said. "I caught it—*Fay* and I caught it—down in Mexico. I was able to get me a locum tenens. I got my good friend Dr. Orene Whitcomb Peddicord, of Kermit, to look after my practice, and Fay and I had four fun-filled days and nights in Acapulco. I'm not really complaining. I only mean that I'd like to be able to count on a day off every now and then. I truly enjoy my practice. I like taking care of Jal. I like being a G.P. I like the variety. I don't think I could stand the sameness of the specialties. I wouldn't want to look at hearts all day. Or urinary tracts. Or pregnant women. On the other hand, I know my limitations—in surgery, anyway. I'll do an appendectomy, if I'm satisfied it's necessary. I do Caesarean sections and hemorrhoidectomies. I do tubal ligations. I've got a D. & C.—dilation and curettage—scheduled for tomorrow morning. I don't do hysterectomies. I know when to refer, or defer, and—knock on wood and other superstitions—I've never had any serious trouble. I've never even had a malpractice suit. I think I'm a good family doctor. I think I do my job. But, you know, I sometimes wonder who in hell is going to take my place. Another G.P.? Not likely—we're a vanishing breed of cat. So who? A pediatrician? An internist? An obstetrician? A general surgeon? A dermatologist?"

The telephone rang. There was an extension on a table at Dr. Schmidt's elbow, and he answered it. He frowned. Mrs. Schmidt came in from the kitchen and stood in the doorway. Dr. Schmidt listened and nodded and grunted, and hung up.

"That was the hospital," he said, and got up from his chair.

"Oh dear," Mrs. Schmidt said.

"I know," he said. "But it shouldn't take too long. It's one of the Lister boys. They brought him in from wherever he works, and his mother is there, and she says he's ruptured himself."

"Well," she said. "There's no harm done. I haven't put the chops on yet. Just let me know when you're starting back."

I COULD hear somebody moaning and groaning as we came in the hospital door. A nurse was standing in the doorway of the emergency room. She gave Dr. Schmidt a knowing look. We went into the room. A young man in work clothes was lying on an examining table, and beside him stood a woman in a gray pants suit, with an elaborate pile of blond hair. She was holding his hand. When he saw us coming, he closed his eyes and opened his mouth and groaned.

The woman had a stricken look. "Oh," she said. "Oh, Dr. Schmidt."

"Well, Randy," Dr. Schmidt said. "Can you tell me what happened?"

"He was lifting a great big sack of cement."

"Can you tell me about it, Randy?"

"I—I guess so. But it's like Mom says. I was lifting this sack of cement and, I don't know, I got this terrible pain, and then I blacked out, and—Oh, it hurts. It *hurts*."

"Can you show me where?"

"Me?"

"Yes, Randy. Show me with your hand. I see. All across there? How about here? O.K. Now—can you sit up?"

"Ohhh . . ."

"O.K., Randy. That's enough. Well, what you've done is pulled a muscle down there. I don't believe you've got a rupture. I do believe you'll be all right. I'm going to give you a shot of Demerol to make you comfortable. That's just about all I can do."

"Are you going to keep him, Doctor?"

"You mean, admit him? Of course I'm going to admit him. He's hurt, and I want to be sure his trouble is what I think it is. Why?"

"Well, I'm just standing here thinking. You know, about the insurance. If he don't stay overnight, the insurance don't pay for any of this."

"I see. All right, Randy. The nurse will get you settled. I'll see you on evening rounds."

We walked back to the nursing station. There were two nurses there. One of them was an elderly woman in the Pink Lady uniform of a volunteer. Dr. Schmidt sat down at a desk and began filling out the admittance and order forms on Randy Lister. A teen-age girl in jeans and a Jal Panthers football jersey came up the corridor.

"Dr. Schmidt?"

"Yes?"

"I'm Billy Will's friend—Billy Will Sharp?"

"Right."

"Yes. And Billy Will's hungry? He wants to know can I get him something to eat."

"Oh? And what's he hungry for?"

"He says he wants a cheeseburger."

"I see. And did he happen to tell you why I've got him here in the hospital?"

"Oh, sure. He's been having this pain in his stomach, and—"

"That's right. You tell him he can have a milkshake."

Dr. Schmidt went back to his forms. It was almost seven o'clock, and I was getting hungry myself. The telephone rang. The nurse answered it and looked at Dr. Schmidt.

"Are you here?"

"I guess so," he said, and took the receiver. "Hello? . . . Yes. . . . Oh—is that so? Mmm. Right. . . . Right. . . . O.K." He handed the receiver back to the nurse. He shook his head. "Son of a bitch," he said. "Here's a man with nothing wrong with him except he's drunk by noon every day of his life, and now his wife calls up—and call out the Marines! He's sick! He's got pains. He hurts. There are too many God-damned people in this town who think I'm like that light switch over there on the wall. Switch it on. Day or night. Rain or shine. And I'll come running. But I *ain't* a switch. I got rights. I'm a hooman bein'."

"What are you going to do?" I said.

"Do?" he said. "About that son of a bitch? Why, I'm going over to see him."

—Berton Roueché

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THE THEATRE

BEARING WITNESS

Conor Cruise O'Brien is a teacher, historian, journalist, lecturer, and public servant, and a number of the qualities that have earned him distinction in this enviable multiplicity of occupations manifest themselves in his play "Murderous Angels," newly opened at the Playhouse. Unfortunately for Dr. O'Brien, they are qualities that do not serve to make him a good playwright. On the contrary, they keep getting in the way of his intention to create a vivid fiction out of what he assures us, by a reiterated particularity in respect to dates of events and names of people and places, are facts. A calculatedly indetectable scrambling of actuality and make-believe is a principle of the so-called documentary theatre that I am very leery of, and if "Murderous Angels" were artistically a better play I suspect it would be a worse one from a moral point of view, for then it would be tampering successfully instead of unsuccessfully with the lives of two men—Patrice Lumumba and Dag Hammarskjöld—about whom most members of an audience have so little knowledge that they are unable to distinguish between a just accusation and an unjust one. The play being so poor, it will make little noise in the world and therefore do little harm, and for that reason I needn't belabor here the question of Dr. O'Brien's ethical responsibilities in regard to bearing false witness. His play urges us to believe that Hammarskjöld had a strong homosexual attraction to a black official working for him at the United Nations, and that Lumumba had a slatternly white mistress whom he preferred to his wife. The play also has Hammarskjöld not merely consenting to Lumumba's murder but virtually insisting upon it, and it has Hammarskjöld himself being murdered by a French military adventurer. Unless these claims are capable of being substantiated, it is culpable to introduce them, and the argument that they have been put forward in pursuit of some dramaturgic higher truth—some truth about "mankind," about "all of us"—is not worth a straw.

It is the teacher and polemicist in Dr. O'Brien who overwhelms the dramatist. Throughout the performance of his play, one increasingly has the sense of being penned in a classroom and receiving instruction in a course that might well be described, in the academic jargon of college catalogues, as "Emerging Nations: Study of a country's birth pangs, with focus on the events surrounding the granting of independence to the Congo in 1960. Belgium's real role in same. Secession of Katanga. Role of United Nations in subsequent warfare. Close-up study of Dag Hammarskjöld and Patrice Lumumba as chief figures in struggle. Secret cause of death of Lumumba. Secret cause of death of Hammarskjöld. No seminars, no term papers, no grades." The impression of a pedagogical presence is heightened by the fact that the production makes use of what are known in school circles as visual aids—screens for showing still pictures and movie clips, the playing of recorded voices of historic figures, and appropriate background music—and by the didacticism of much of the dialogue; Teacher has a thesis, and we are expected to sit up straight and pay strict attention to it. Under such circumstances, actors do well to play their roles as if they were so many puppets; any attempt to flesh out a character might prove disruptive. Jean-Pierre Aumont takes chances in this respect—his Hammarskjöld hints at a real man hiding behind the lines he utters, but there is no room in the play for that man. Others in the cast are Lou Gossett, Richard Venture, Barbara Colby, Richard Easton, Herbert Jefferson, Jr., and Neil Fitzgerald. The portmanteau setting is by Peter Wexler, the costumes are by Frank Thomp-

"I want it clearly understood that I am casting no aspersions on my wife's cooking. Heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh heh, heh heh . . ."

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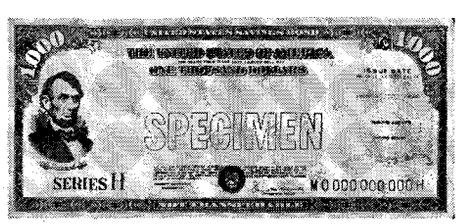

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son, the lighting is by Gilbert Hemsley, Jr., and the direction is by Gordon Davidson.

"Inner City," at the Ethel Barrymore, is billed as a "street cantata," whatever that may mean. It is directed by Tom O'Horgan, in a mood much less frantic than that of his "Jesus Christ Superstar," and the cast is mainly black and mainly superb. The trouble is that the songs and occasional dialogue (music by Helen Miller, lyrics by Eve Merriam) strike my ear as phony black. With a marvellous authentically black show in town—"Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death"—it is hard to keep one's patience with a sham, even an angry-sounding sham. There is such a thing as Uncle Tomming in the very act of seeming to trash Whitey. The best thing in "Inner City" is a setting, by Robin Wagner, that consists of a pyramid of gorgeous junk: bedsprings, car mufflers, a birdcage, an iron crib, a garbage-can cover, a stovepipe, a bicycle wheel, and what I believe to be an Atwater Kent radio circa 1930. They don't make junk like that anymore, and no wonder.

—Brendan Gill

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Correction—Marital Status on Census Questionnaire

The marital status of some alumni was inadvertently misstated as a result of a programming error in our alumni census questionnaire. We assume that all alumni are single unless we are informed otherwise. However, because of an error the "single" code was converted into the printed word "widowed," and this mistake was not observed in our selected test groups. The result must have surprised many of you, and we hope you will forgive this error. It demonstrates once again that computers are no more accurate than the information which they receive.—*Alumni Newsletter, Illinois Institute of Technology.*

We have one that willfully distorts things.

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THE ART WORLD

Meaning in Abstract Art (Continued)

Neither man nor nation can exist without a sublime idea. —*Dostoevski.*

THE paintings in the late Barnett Newman's retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art emerge in triumph out of twenty years of battle, though not without further critical yapping at the heels. As is usual in regard to abstract art, the issue is content: are Newman's areas of color, divided by one or more vertical bands, able to convey the themes indicated by the titles of his pictures and by his public statements? Former detractors now concede that the canvases are attractive and even, to a degree, moving. Paintings such as "Onement I," "Abraham," "Cathedra," which in the fifties were considered "nothing but a stripe down the middle," are found to possess depth and an aura of majesty; in addition, they had inaugurated a new handling of the picture plane. Emily Genauer, hard-crusted foe of expressive abstraction, was plunged at the Museum into "a sea of vivid, resonant color" by which she might, she imagined, have been swept away had it not been for the lifelines provided by Newman's bands. To come close to drowning at the Museum of Modern Art is a rare ordeal, which probably threatens only those who have lived too long in the deserts of the imagination. And John Canaday, while readying himself for a new round of insults for Newman, noted that his paintings "looked better than ever before," and was aware of "responding to them as I had never thought could be possible"—which may have been intended to prove how open-minded and aesthetically susceptible Canaday is even to work he cannot abide.

So much for the augmented impact of Newman's paintings on some nervous systems. Yet, despite the improvement in the reception of Newman's work during the past ten years, his spacious themes and his conception of the metaphysical function of painting have not been welcomed even by those who have become his admirers and followers. The art world has an instinct for what it needs, and it rejects any surplus. Once a work leaves the artist's studio, it is refashioned intellectually to conform to prevailing attitudes. It took Newman a long time to convince the art world that he was serious; there is still the problem of what he was serious about. In the fifties, his talk of "awesome feelings" and his evocation of mysteries in the titles of his paintings—"Genesis," "Primordial Light," "Day One"—were seen as attempts to disguise his derivations from Mondrian and Neo-Plasticism. Later, when the originality of his work became apparent, his philosophy was condescendingly set aside as an irrelevant verbal accompaniment to his formal innovations. Today, his work is honored on the rebound from the fashionable movements—color-field painting, minimal sculpture—founded upon it. But mention of the emotional substance of his paintings can still arouse indignation. The stirrings of approbation by Genauer and Canaday were but preludes to assaults on what Canaday called Newman's "rapturous philosophizing." Had the canvases at the Museum of Modern Art been presented merely as handsomely surfaced expanses of red, yellow, and blue, a reconciliation with his critics might have been effected under the pressure of art history—or, at least, a truce. Not an inch, however, could be yielded to Newman's posthumous insistence that his paintings have to do with such motifs as the creation of man, the division between night and day, the coalescence of order within chaos, the anguish of man's abandonment: in a word—Newman's word—with the sublime. How could all these grandiloquent dramas be seen in the repeated image of a rectangle with stripes? And, anyway, aren't lofty themes out of date? The trend of modernism is toward mixing art with the commonplace, the matter-of-fact. Those who still speak of "high art" see no connection between it and high thoughts. Our age has been taught that elevated sentiments are composites of less elevated ones, or even of desires that are the opposite of elevated. To espouse lofty ideas is something of a scandal. The art world of the nineteen-sixties was personified by Andy Warhol and the pace-setting museum curator. In their attack on Newman's "The Stations of the Cross," both Canaday and Genauer took steps to dissociate themselves from Newman's solemnity. Canaday headed his column "Mike, Elaine, Woody, Mr. Newman, God and Me," and Genauer compared the work to "Jesus Christ Superstar." First-name intimacy with popular entertainment establishes the critic, one is led to assume, as a regular guy to whom the philosophizing of a *Mister* Newman is an embarrassment.

Newman's behaving as if the sublime had not been dismantled by the modern age was a combination of naïveté and defiance. By naïveté I mean pursuing one's own sense of things regardless of prevailing opinion. It is impossible to define Newman's philosophy as one can the pantheism of Pollock or Hofmann. Though Newman's art is more abstract than theirs, his thinking seems closer to a world of narratives. Newman looked at the art of the aborigines and at Western masterpieces, he read primitive myths, Greek drama, the Old Testament, the Gospels, mystical apothegms as if they depicted things that were still going on; at any rate, he knew they were going on in him. The predicament was that because the imagination could no

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longer conceive pictures of such happenings one had to paint *ideas* of them. Nevertheless, he labelled the metaphysical subjects of his canvases and sculptures with the literalism of "Woman in a Red Hat" or "Still-Life with Jar." He argued that the time had come for painting to replace scenes, images, symbols with abstract figures that had the materiality of things and events. The essential was the idea/object, and, to attain that, any suggestion of appearance and even abstractions derived from nature, such as Mondrian's or Kandinsky's, had to be resolutely purged. In Newman's aesthetics, the Burning Bush might resemble a proposition by Euclid, never a Christmas tree.

Newman's total break with natural imagery led to his innovating emphasis on the physical rudiments of works of art—in painting, the size, shape, and color of areas of the canvas; in sculpture, the importance of the base; in lithography, the problem of the border around the print. In its total quantitative presence, a work is the mystical counterpart of the concept denoted by its title. Embodying an idea in exclusively material quantities (for example, "Cathedra" as a ninety-six-inch-by-seventeen-foot-nine-inch sheet of blue) results, ironically, in an exclusively formal construct ("Cathedra" as horizontal, rectangular, ultramarine) from which the idea is visually absent. In his pursuit of absolute content, Newman left nothing on the canvas that might prevent the spectator from perceiving the marked-off space as the reality indicated by the title. On the other hand, there is nothing to prevent him from considering the painting an organization of colored planes and lines and nothing else. Newman's canvases and sculptures invite the spectator to pass beyond the aesthetic into an act of belief. By implication, they define a work of art as any image or feeling that the spectator (including the artist as spectator) introduces; the difference between a Giotto and a Newman would lie in the degree of control exercised by the image. To render his grand themes, Newman made himself the master of an emotional indeterminacy in painting in which all effects depend on tensions of quantity, of size, and of radiance. No one of his paintings stands for anything definite; it is not a symbol or an emblem, any more than it is pictorial. But, taken all together, the paintings establish an elevated plateau of feeling. Newman was not trying to force Genauer and Canaday to see his fourteen striped white canvases as enactments of "The Stations." He offered the possibility of sensing, through his whites and blacks, the anguish of the abandoned prophet or artist—his *lama-sabachthani* ("why hast thou forsaken me?") interpretation of "The Stations" affixed to the wall of the Museum. If, instead of responding to the emotional potential of the paintings, the critics sought a visual opera, the paintings left them free to do so.

THE catalogue for Newman's retrospective, by Thomas B. Hess, who directed the exhibition, is a heroic attempt to implant Newman's ideas within the substance of his paintings and sculptures, to establish their format and their dimensions and colors as correlatives of exalted experiences. If Hess could succeed in his purpose, Newman's abstractions would communicate as readily as a *Pietà* or "The Sabines." Hess has studied books on the Talmud and Jewish mysticism that he discovered in Newman's library, and he has become convinced that after early immersions in primitive and Greek mythology the artist conceived his creations as equivalents of passages in the Book of Genesis and the Kabbalah. Of "Onement I," for example, the painting in which Newman settled on his format of the rectangle divided by a vertical stripe, Hess writes that it "is a complex symbol, in the purest sense, of Genesis itself. It is an act of division, a gesture of separation, as God separated light from darkness, with a line drawn in the void." Hess then interprets the red-orange stripe in "Onement" as a Kabbalistic metaphor for the fashioning of the first man out of earth, which in turn is represented by the darker red ground that the stripe bisects, and he goes on to quote the Zohar, the Jewish "Book of Splendor," on the meaning of "one" as the conjoining of the male and the female, and of God and Israel.

Equipped with his Kabbalistic hypothesis, Hess has discerned in Newman's compositions a system of "secret symmetry," which introduces squares into the middle of rectangles or divides the canvas into proportions suggested, or confirmed, by Kabbalistic formulas; for instance, there is the frequent recurrence of measurements by 18 and multiples of 18, the number whose equivalents in letters of the Hebrew alphabet spell "life." And in Jewish mystical literature Hess has encountered the term *Makom*, which means "place" but is also a Kabbalistic name for God; works by Newman such as the "Here" sculptures and the "Be" paintings seem to evoke this concept, and Newman made explicit reference to *Makom* in his statement about his

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model for a synagogue. Other Kabbalistic influences include the mysterious notion of *Zim Zum* (the origin of space through God's contracting Himself, which supplies the title of Newman's last sculpture) and reflections on "primordial light," which figure importantly in the rabbinical version of the Creation.

Hess proceeds chronologically through Newman's career, painting by painting, sculpture by sculpture, tacking symbolic meanings to colors ("the man-earth color of cadmium red," "the severe, the grandly formal, the tragic" of black), measuring the placement of the bands (or "zips," as Newman liked to call them) to identify the Kabbalistic proportions, interpreting the works as traditional dramas of spiritual revelation, agony, and salvation. The zips, Hess finds, fall into a binary system of symbols: the soft-edged, loosely brushed stripes represent the sensual and the physical; the clean, sharp-edged stripes stand for the intellectual and the transcendental. With a vocabulary of signs distilled from Newman's forms, surfaces, and hues, Hess transmutes "The Stations of the Cross" into a Jewish and humanistic metaphor of the sufferings of mankind, of the artist's own confrontation with death, and of the triumph of life and the act of creation: "Even while committed to the Christian iconography of the Stations of the Cross, he would keep his allusions to the Kabbalah and to its vision of Genesis of the Torah."

Hess's catalogue is an extraordinary document, unique in this genre of writing for its insights, its personal devotion, and its intellectual diligence. It is an essay in poetic criticism, designed to create a crystallization of ideas, feelings, and images in which Newman's paintings will be fully reflected. It combines illuminated thinking of the sages with events of Newman's biography, lengthy passages from essays by Newman, incidents of the history of art in New York since the last war, and formalistic analyses of Newman's paintings, sculptures, and prints. Inspired by the works, their titles, the writings, and Newman's personality, Hess has conceived a hitherto partly hidden artist, a kind of rabbinical though non-religious New Yorker who reasons in red, yellow, white, and blue and in the carpentry of stretchers about arcane events and trends in the art world, as if divine miracles and the use of acrylics were subject to the same logic. With Hess's Newman, metaphysics and art materials have achieved a common lexicon. Such a portrait is bound to contain exaggerations, but—as Plato remarked about one of his myths—though the details may not be accurate, one who sees this picture will not be far from the truth. To think of "Onement I" in terms of Adam, of Adam in terms of *adamah* (earth), to think of the red stripe in the field of red as the first man arising out of the primal ooze, is genuinely to see Newman's painting as a creation, beyond merely looking at it as an object. In sum, Hess has plunged headfirst into the scandal of Newman's lofty thoughts; he has even been willing to intensify it. To follow him in grasping the content of Newman's paintings and sculptures, spectators would have to become adept in divine emanations. No wonder critics are indignant; in their view, Hess has compounded Newman's crime of polluting painting with words.

I doubt whether the Zohar must become required reading for visitors to the Museum of Modern Art. As Hess himself acknowledges, "it is possible that I am pushing the Kabbalist interpretation too far. Certainly Newman never spoke about such a basis for his art." Hess has converted Newman into a Jewish icon-maker, disregarding the fact that icons cannot be Jewish. Newman's philosophy was a private fabrication; in it, the Kabbalistic *Makom* became synonymous with Indian burial mounds in Ohio and the pitcher's mound at Yankee Stadium. Analogies of this sort do not constitute an idea but are an aspect of sensibility, any component of which—for example, Newman's fondness for (to use his favorite phrase) "raising the issue," or his becoming a bird- or weight-watcher—has as much to do with individual paintings as any other. In interpreting specific paintings in terms of Kabbalistic and mystical passages, Hess makes the mistake of isolating them from Newman's intellectual physiognomy. Regardless of their sacred sources, the meaning of Newman's concepts is a secular one, and needs to be restated in the pragmatic language of secular and contemporary experience. Newman's concept of the Hebrew God as "one" is less pertinent to his paintings, despite his reflections on the Scriptures and Commentaries, than his passionate continuation of the tradition in modernism—from Emerson to Mondrian—that declares both inward unity and unity of effect to depend upon concentration, reduction, and repetition. When Hess writes that "Vir Heroicus Sublimis" "refers to a man who, in working to reëstablish the unity and harmony of a universe coexistent with God, acts as God in the here and

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now and aids in the coming of the ultimate reunion," he is presenting Newman's paintings not in the rhetoric of the artist's sensibility but in that of religious philosophy—moreover, in terms that are eroded and vague. I do not believe that "Vir Heroicus" "refers" to any such aims or could have been inspired by any such thoughts. Newman's enthusiasm for Jewish mystics and their sayings was a matter of delight rather than of religious belief or philosophical programs—a facet of his childlike response to wonders and poetic phrases, whatever their source. As with other modern artists, his readings provided not an organized outlook but a kind of metaphysical hum that surrounded his mental operations. His thinking was truly systematic only when it dealt with achieving the reality of the art object as a "creation out of nothing," which was a common theme in New York art after the last war and the break with the European past. His "Here I" sculpture, which consists of a vertical two-by-four covered with plaster and a white one-by-two, both stuck into mounds of plaster as shapeless as mud pies and mounted on a beat-up wooden box, calls attention exclusively to its own being as a creation extracted from the "chaos" not of primal night but of the inexhaustible junk pile of the present day.

Hess's catalogue expands the range of Newman's rigorously restricted format, but it does not settle the problem of what the rectangles and zips mean. For Newman, painting was a way of practicing the sublime, not of conveying it. In the last analysis, all his works are, as he said of "The Stations," "a single event"—in effect, one painting, though it manifests itself in a surprising sweep of variations, including sculpture. It combines the heroic ("Achilles"), the pathetic ("The Stations"), the metaphysical (the "Be" series), the religious ("The Way"), and the aesthetic ("Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow, and Blue"), which grew dominant in his last years. In its multiple inward shifts, Newman's art must remain partly inaccessible. It belongs to a one-man culture, which as it becomes more integrated becomes more estranged from shared ideas. As Kierkegaard kept repeating, the sublime in our time identifies itself only through "indirect communication." —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

The Greater Miami Coral Society will present a concert Tuesday at 8 p.m. at the Miami Shores Presbyterian Church. —*Miami (Fla.) Herald.*

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McGOVERN

SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN seems as straight as the road from Faith, South Dakota, to Mud Butte (Route 212, thirty-eight miles). He appears so plainly honest, kind, sincere, and good that he makes people feel rotten by comparison. He has the calm assurance of a veteran pilot (he flew B-24s in thirty-five missions for the Fifteenth Air Force in the Second World War), he has intelligence, sensitivity, and commitment, and he has been speaking out against the war in Vietnam since 1963. Despite his early announcement that he would run for the Presidency, and a gruelling pre-primary campaign, he has remained low in the polls (until two weeks ago, when his standing jumped abruptly), but when I went out and met him at LaGuardia one morning a couple of weeks ago he was cheerful and hopeful, and he looked fine.

"I'm feeling good," he said as he got off the shuttle from Washington, wearing a tan raincoat, a dark-blue suit, a white shirt with broad blue stripes, a red-and-blue striped tie, and black shoes. His complexion was ruddy and his hair black (thinning a bit in front), and an aide whispered to me, "He's only forty-nine, you know—*younger than John Lindsay*."

"We're concentrating on the organizational effort, and we're out in front of everyone else in grass-roots organization," said McGovern as his car headed for Manhattan and a full day of campaigning. "The aspect of politics that interests me the most—and is the most fun—is the development of ideas and issues, but I've learned that without careful organization you don't get very far. I have a lot more confidence now than I had last January, when I embarked. I've really worked Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Florida, California (extensively), Oregon, New Mexico, and Nebraska—all key primary states. We've got to either carry them or do very well in them. I've gone to hundreds of small, informal meetings—sometimes eight or nine a day—at which I'll speak for ten minutes, then field questions. I think there's no doubt that economic concerns are on most people's minds, but what I'm impressed with particularly is how the war issue lingers on as a source of anxiety and concern. I think it's going to be a major factor in '72. Nixon's withdrawal policy has reduced the explosive force of it, but I think that the pattern he's followed has not satisfied many. Beyond that, the continued cost of the war plagues us and feeds the credibility gap. The President has said that we're going to remain there with a residual force, continued bombing, and support of Thieu, and what I fear is that it will trigger a bloody counter-offensive sometime after the first of the year. It might be in Cambodia or it might erupt all over Vietnam, as in '68. The other side seems capable of it; they watch our domestic political opinion, and they'll probably try to make the pain of our involvement more costly. I hope I'm wrong. The full question of the reliability of our Presidential leadership is going to be important. Is he telling us the truth? The way the Administration handled the Pentagon Papers, the quality of the President's appointments, his leadership on busing—everything seems designed to exploit fears rather than appeal to the best qualities of the American people."

The car stopped at Eighth Avenue and 126th Street, and McGovern went into the *Amsterdam News* building for a private meeting. When he emerged, half an hour later, the car headed downtown toward Hunter College, and McGovern talked about his world tour last September. "One of the things in Vietnam that startled me most was the extent of the near despair on the part of the American military forces. If the G.I.s voted on the war, it would be ten to one on ending it now. The higher the rank, the less talk about it, but General Abrams listed anti-war sentiment as one of his biggest problems." In Paris, McGovern said, he met with the opposing Vietnamese delegations to the peace talks. "I was very impressed with both the Hanoi and the Provisional Revolutionary groups. They removed any doubt I might have had about what we must do. We have to set a deadline for the removal of all troops. Once that is done, release of the prisoners and a cease-fire during withdrawal will begin immediately."

The auditorium at Hunter College was filling up as McGovern was greeted by some students backstage, and Becky Hubbard (long blond hair, black-and-brown striped bell-bottoms), the head of the Hunter Committee for McGovern, was standing near the rostrum, watching the crowd. I asked her how the campaign was going. "It's developing," she said. "At least, there's no stronger interest here in any *other* candidate. There are four reasons the students like him: first, he seems to be an honest person, not giving out any garbage— Excuse me, we've got to sit down." McGovern was coming out onto the stage, and there was fairly enthusiastic applause.

McGovern spoke about Nixon's "broken pledge to bring the country together" ("The pledge has turned into a formula for keeping us apart"), the Supreme Court nominations, unemployment, and Nixon's "secret plan to end the war" ("Since then, another eighteen thousand young men have died. . . . Instead of moving out, we moved into Laos and Cambodia"). Later, he said, "As we meet here, bombs are falling," and he spoke of the defenseless victims of our raids, his voice rising as he declared, "To me, that is a moral outrage that should stir the conscience of every American." There was prolonged applause from the students. He talked briefly about his experiences during the Second World War, saying that most of the men he trained with and flew with did not come back. "I made a pledge that if I survived I would devote the rest of my life as best I could to the cause of peace." He spoke of poverty and hunger in the United States, and concluded, "I ask for your help and support . . . committed to fundamental change and to peace. I need your help to that end. Thank you."

There was sustained applause, then a question-and-answer period.

On Ireland: "The British forces have overreacted [applause] . . . but I feel as an American that we're on shaky ground lecturing others about overreacting." (Applause)

"How would you distribute foreign aid?" asked a student.

"I would begin by terminating mili-

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tary aid to all dictatorships." (Applause)

He spoke of environmental problems, urged tougher standards on air and water, the need for population control—"the kind of commitment we have heretofore brought to military operations."

McGovern then said that the press wanted to ask some questions now, and the students hissed, but he went ahead.

On Lindsay: "If I had to bet, I would bet he would not be a candidate." (Applause)

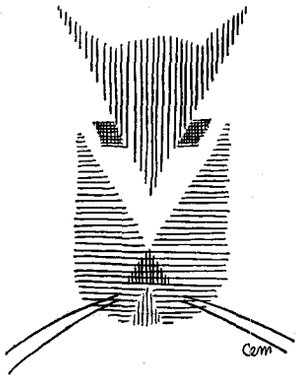
On the polls: "I would like to be higher on the polls, but we're going into New Hampshire—and that's the first poll that counts."

On amnesty for draft-resisters: "If I were President, my first act would be to terminate the war, and the second would be to declare a general amnesty. [Long applause] The precedent is one hundred years old, set by Abraham Lincoln at the time of the Civil War."

Afterward, the students gathered onstage to ask more questions, and an aide told me, "After a thing like this, we get about two hundred names of people who want to work for him. That's what counts."

McGovern got into his car to drive to the National Broadcasting Company, and I followed in another, sharing a ride with a Hunter junior named Victoria Amato—a redhead from Brooklyn, who was wearing a purple dress. I asked her if she was working for McGovern.

"Oh, no," she said. "I won the 'Day with McGovern' raffle. I bought a ticket as a favor for a girl friend of mine. Twenty-five cents. When they told me I won, I said, 'You're *kidding!*' " She paused. "It certainly is an unusual prize," she added uncertainly. "I had to cut Spanish, two education classes, and an economics class."



I asked her if she supported McGovern.

"I really can't say yet. I don't know much about the other candidates. I liked his ideas, but some of the things seemed too goody-goody to believe. If it's so easy, why doesn't Nixon just pull out?"

At N.B.C., McGovern went to a private lunch with some news executives, then over to WCBS-TV to tape a show called "Woman!" Three women panelists and a woman moderator asked him questions about the state abortion law ("I generally favor that"), and about women delegates to the Democratic National Convention ("Any delegation that falls very short of the fifty-fifty split between women and men ought to be challenged, and I'd be willing to help bring such a challenge"), and attacked him about the small number of women on his staff. "I have only ten top people on my Senate staff, and four are women," he said. "You can't hit fifty-fifty all the time, but I think we've made a real effort."

One of the panelists started talking about "the masculine mystique and the cult of toughness in the making of foreign policy," saying, "These factors . . . have something to do with our desire for a woman President."

"I think that's kind of a phony argument, frankly," said McGovern. "I've known some awfully aggressive women. Some of the bloodiest wars in history have been directed by female rulers."

On the way out of C.B.S., I saw Victoria again. "It's a very interesting day so far," she said. In the car going uptown, McGovern said he'd ridden with Barry Goldwater on the Senate subway the day before. "He said, 'Win or lose, you get to learn a lot about the country.' "

By six o'clock, McGovern was in the midst of a well-dressed gathering—cocktails—sponsored by the Business and Professional Men and Women for McGovern in an apartment on the twenty-seventh floor of the Carlyle Hotel. There was an air of affluence, and the lights of Central Park, framed by a large window, looked like another expensive painting on the walls. McGovern spoke briefly. "Some people say I'm too decent to be President." The guests laughed. "But I've got members of my staff working on a list of my inadequacies." He outlined his views and answered questions, and twenty minutes later he was standing on the sidewalk on Seventy-sixth Street exchanging a few words with Stewart Mott, the philanthropist, who was wearing a white flower in his buttonhole. Then he jumped into his car and headed for a second fund-raising party—this one at the home of Dr. Howard Eder, in Riverdale.

The house was a large one, set on a knoll in a wooded, Scarsdale-like

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residential area. McGovern rapidly climbed the steps to the house, with Victoria trotting along not far behind. "I'm glad I'm not a politician," she remarked to me. "He hasn't got a *minute!*" The gathering was a cheerful, comfortable, neighborhood kind of affair, and Dr. Eder, a middle-aged man, stood in front of his fireplace benignly smoking a pipe as Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams, who had endorsed McGovern back in August, introduced Assemblyman G. Oliver Koppell, who gave an eloquent endorsement on the spot and introduced McGovern. The Senator spoke briefly—he was at his very best in the crowded living room, his concern and sincerity readily apparent, no gulf between him and his listeners—and then, after some questions and answers, hurried down the steps to his car, heading for the annual dinner of the Ben Franklin Democratic Club—a Bronx Reform Democratic group—being held at Mayer's Parkway Restaurant, on 233rd Street.

There were perhaps four hundred guests in the dining room, and between courses McGovern went around the tables and shook hands with every person in the room. Abrams led the way, grinning (he has the best smile I've ever seen in politics) and kidding the guests. "She works for the Mayor, but in about two weeks she's coming out for *you!*" he said, introducing a woman. The woman squealed cheerfully. "I got news for *you!*" she told Abrams, and then Koppell took over, easily unreeling name after name as McGovern shook hands. ". . . wife of our district leader. . . . And here is Sally Klein, who works with me—she's very helpful. . . . Here's another president of one of our reform clubs. We want to get him on the bandwagon. . . . This is one of the strongest peace activists in the area. . . . And this is my mother." Mrs. Koppell smiled.

After dinner, the chairman rose, and there ensued a classic political-dinner endurance contest as various guests were introduced, complimented, and permitted to say a few words. Congressman Jonathan Bingham told a couple of mildies, State Senator Abraham Bernstein spoke, State Senator Harrison Goldin said, "One is tempted to be wistful and reminiscent."

"Oh, *no!*" whispered an aide at my table. "There isn't *time* to be reminiscent. We've got to catch a plane."

Assemblymen gave way to district leaders, district leaders gave way to local presidents, local presidents singled out helpful workers. The compliments and gratitude fell like snowflakes. McGovern sat patient and smiling. When he finally got a chance to speak, he said, "I notice there's a small card on the rostrum here that says the Senator is on a very tight schedule, so please be brief in your remarks." The audience laughed, and McGovern added, "I notice it was left here for me." He talked about Nixon, the Southern strategy, the Supreme Court, unemployment, the end of the draft, and education. "The President has twice vetoed education bills on the ground that they were inflationary. He calls one billion dollars for education inflationary—but fifty billion for the ABM is not inflationary. . . . His solution to crime was to fire Ramsey Clark. We have rising crime and increased drug traffic. . . ." When he finished, the audience stood up and gave him a long ovation, and McGovern slowly made his way out, greeting people, answering questions. In the lobby, he stood still for an interview by an Italian film crew, then finally made it to his car. On the way to the airport, there was a foggy drizzle. It was near midnight, and everybody—except McGovern—was exhausted. McGovern displayed his first sign of self-indulgence at this point: he asked an aide for a piece of chewing gum. "After eight days in a row, I get tired," he admitted, chewing. "I took two days off in Santa Fe at Thanksgiving, and we went skiing there. I'd never skied before, and it took my mind off everything. It was really fun! I think I'm going to take it up. I like to play tennis, and in Washington I try to work out in the Senate gym every afternoon for forty-five minutes."

LaGuardia Airport was desolate and wet. McGovern went looking for a milk-dispensing machine in the waiting room, and I asked Victoria, who was still along, whether she had been converted to McGovern yet.

"Practically," she said, smiling. "Yes." —James Stevenson

•

Volterra, Italy (UPI)—Police believe the thieves who chipped their way ingeniously through a sanitarium wall to get a strongbox and $584 were former patients.

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—*Wilmington (Del.) Evening Journal.*

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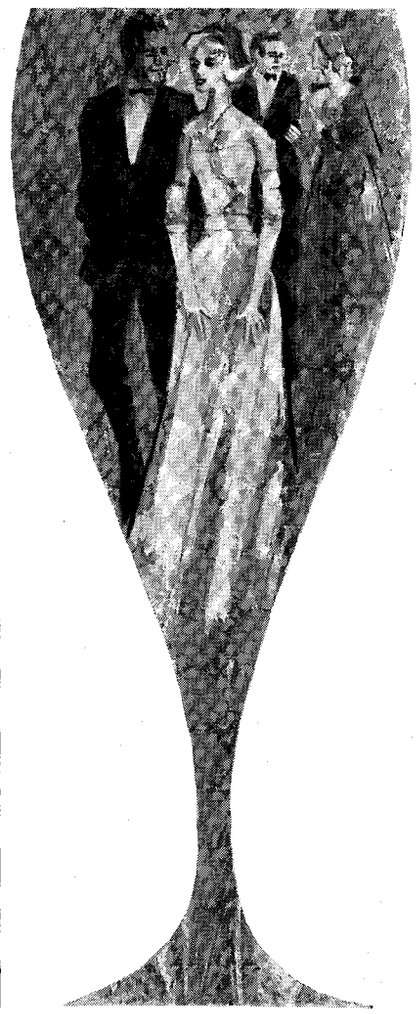

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Stanley Strangelove

LITERAL-MINDED in its sex and brutality, Teutonic in its humor, Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange" might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. Is there anything sadder—and ultimately more repellent—than a clean-minded pornographer? The numerous rapes and beatings have no ferocity and no sensuality; they're frigidly, pedantically calculated, and because there is no motivating emotion, the viewer may experience them as an indignity and wish to leave. The movie follows the Anthony Burgess novel so closely that the book might have served as the script, yet that thick-skulled German professor may be Dr. Strangelove himself, because the meanings are turned around.

Burgess's 1962 novel is set in a vaguely Socialist future (roughly, the late seventies or early eighties)—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. In perceiving the amoral destructive potential of youth gangs, Burgess's ironic fable differs from Orwell's "1984" in a way that already seems prophetically accurate. The novel is narrated by the leader of one of these gangs—Alex, a conscienceless schoolboy sadist—and, in a witty, extraordinarily sustained literary conceit, narrated in his own slang (Nadsat, the teen-agers' special dialect). The book is a fast read; Burgess, a composer turned novelist, has an ebullient, musical sense of language, and you pick up the meanings of the strange words as the prose rhythms speed you along. Alex enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying until he kills a woman and is sent to prison for fourteen years. After serving two, he arranges to get out by submitting to an experiment in conditioning, and he is turned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Released when he is harmless, he falls prey to his former victims, who beat him and torment him until he attempts suicide. This leads to criticism of the government that robotized him—turned him into a clockwork orange—and he is deconditioned, becoming once again a thug, and now free and triumphant. The ironies are protean, but Burgess is clearly a humanist; his point of view is that of a Christian horrified by the possibilities of a society turned clockwork orange, in which life is so mechanized that men lose their capacity for moral choice. There seems to be no way in this boring, dehumanizing society for the boys to release their energies except in vandalism and crime; they do what they do as a matter of course. Alex the sadist is as mechanized a creature as Alex the good.

Stanley Kubrick's Alex (Malcolm McDowell) is not so much an expression of how this society has lost its soul as he is a force pitted against the society, and by making the victims of the thugs more repulsive and contemptible than the thugs Kubrick has learned to love the punk sadist. The end is no longer the ironic triumph of a mechanized punk but a real triumph. Alex is the only likable person we see—his cynical bravado suggests a broad-nosed, working-class Olivier—and the movie puts us on his side. Alex, who gets kicks out of violence, is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with the power and slyness of a young Cagney. Despite what Alex does at the beginning, McDowell makes you root for his foxiness, for his crookedness. For most of the movie, we see him tortured and beaten and humiliated, so when his bold, aggressive punk's nature is restored to him it seems not a joke on all of us but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone. The look in Alex's eyes at the end tells us that he isn't just a mechanized, choiceless sadist but prefers sadism and knows he can get by with it. Far from being a little parable about the dangers of soullessness and the horrors of force, whether employed by individuals against each other or by society in "conditioning," the movie becomes a vindication of Alex, saying that the punk was a free human being and only the good Alex was a robot.

"Oh, you know how it is, Ann. Yesterday he was up 1¼, this morning he's down 3⅞."

The trick of making the attacked less human than their attackers, so you feel no sympathy for them, is, I think, symptomatic of a new attitude in movies. This attitude says there's no moral difference. Stanley Kubrick has assumed the deformed, self-righteous perspective of a vicious young punk who says, "Everything's rotten. Why shouldn't I do what I want? They're worse than I am." In the new mood (perhaps movies in their cumulative effect are partly responsible for it),

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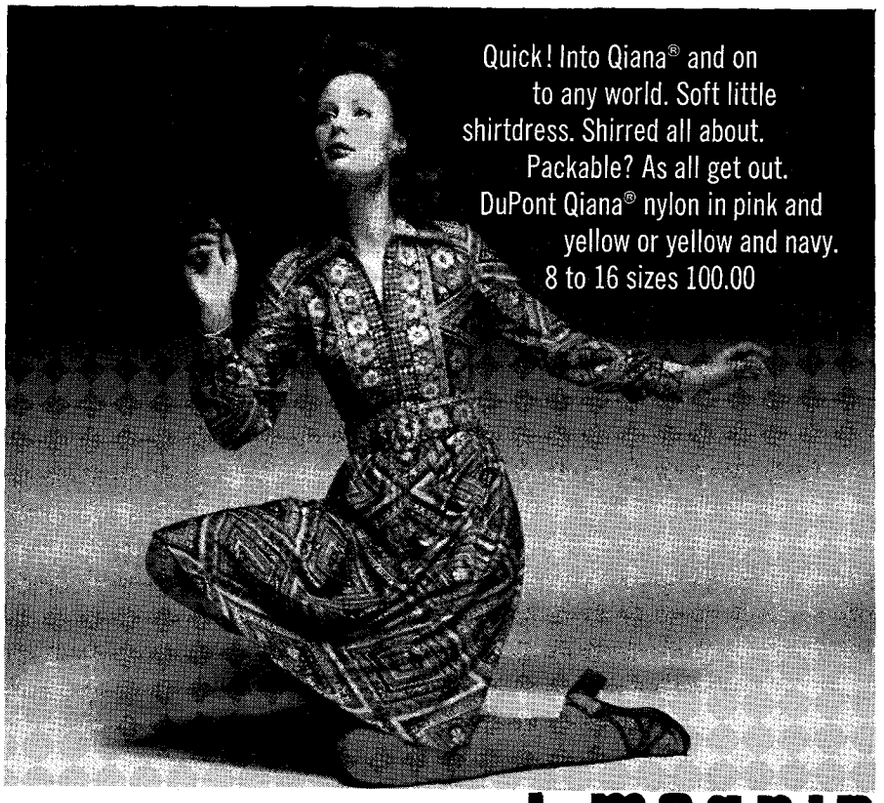
people want to believe the hyperbolic worst, want to believe in the degradation of the victims—that they are dupes and phonies and weaklings. I can't accept that Kubrick is merely reflecting this post-assassinations, post-Manson mood; I think he's catering to it. I think he wants to dig it.

This picture plays with violence in an intellectually seductive way. And though it has no depth, it's done in such a slow, heavy style that those prepared to like it can treat its puzzling aspects as oracular. It can easily be construed as an ambiguous mystery play, a visionary warning against "the Establishment." There are a million ways to justify identifying with Alex: Alex is fighting repression; he's alone against the system. What he does isn't nearly as bad as what the government does (*both in the movie and in the United States now*). Why shouldn't he be violent? That's all the Establishment has ever taught him (and us) to be. The point of the book was that we must be as men, that we must be able to take responsibility for what we are. The point of the movie is much more *au courant*. Kubrick has removed many of the obstacles to our identifying with Alex; the Alex of the book has had his personal habits cleaned up a bit—his fondness for squishing small animals under his tires, his taste for ten-year-old girls, his beating up of other prisoners, and so on. And Kubrick aids the identification with Alex by small directorial choices throughout. The writer whom Alex cripples (Patrick Magee) and the woman he kills are cartoon nasties with upper-class accents a mile wide. (Magee has been encouraged to act like a bathetic madman; he seems to be preparing for a career in horror movies.) Burgess gave us society through Alex's eyes, and so the vision was deformed, and Kubrick, carrying over from "Dr. Strangelove" his joky adolescent view of hypocritical, sexually dirty authority figures and extending it to all adults, has added an extra layer of deformity. The "straight" people are far more twisted than Alex; they seem inhuman and incapable of suffering. He alone suffers. And how he suffers! He's a male Little Nell—screaming in a straitjacket during the brainwashing; sweet and helpless when rejected by his parents; alone, weeping, on a bridge; beaten, bleeding, lost in a rainstorm; pounding his head on a floor and crying for death. Kubrick pours on the hearts and flowers; what is done to Alex is far worse than what Alex has done, so society itself can be felt to justify Alex's hoodlumism.

The movie's confusing—and, final-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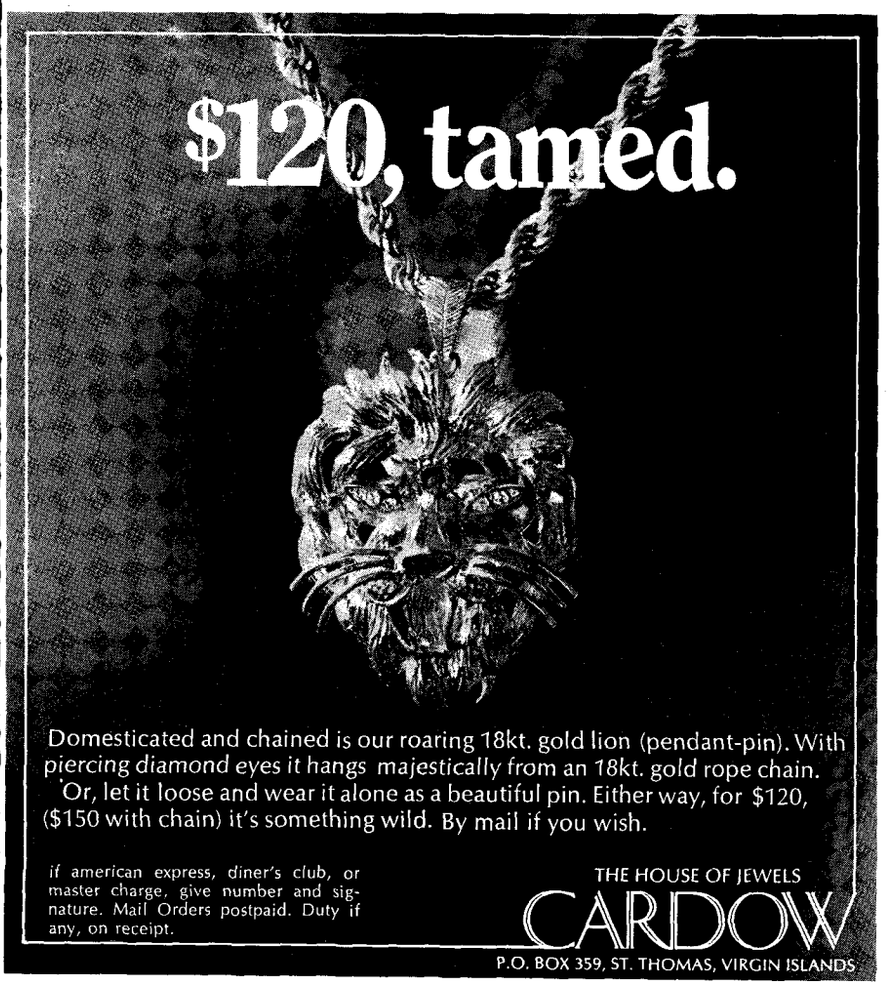
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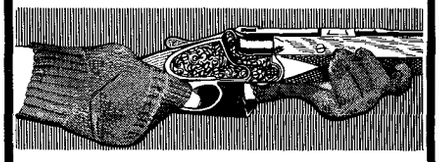

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ly, corrupt—morality is not, however, what makes it such an abhorrent viewing experience. It is offensive long before one perceives where it is heading, because it has no shadings. Kubrick, a director with an arctic spirit, is determined to be pornographic, and he has no talent for it. In "Los Olvidados," Buñuel showed teen-agers committing horrible brutalities, and even though you had no illusions about their victims—one, in particular, was a foul old lecher—you were appalled. Buñuel makes you understand the pornography of brutality: the pornography is in what human beings are capable of doing to other human beings. Kubrick has always been one of the least sensual and least erotic of directors, and his attempts here at phallic humor are like a professor's lead balloons. He tries to work up kicky violent scenes, carefully estranging you from the victims so that you can *enjoy* the rapes and beatings. But I think one is more likely to feel cold antipathy toward the movie than horror at the violence—or enjoyment of it, either.

Kubrick's martinet control is obvious in the terrible performances he gets from everybody but McDowell, and in the inexorable pacing. The film has a distinctive style of estrangement: gloating closeups, bright, hard-edge, third-degree lighting, and abnormally loud voices. It's a style, all right—the movie doesn't look like other movies, or sound like them—but it's a leering, portentous style. After the balletic brawling of the teen-age gangs, with bodies flying as in a Western saloon fight, and after the gang-bang of the writer's wife and an orgy in speeded-up motion, you're primed for more action, but you're left stranded in the prison sections, trying to find some humor in tired schoolboy jokes about a Hitlerian guard. The movie retains a little of the slangy Nadsat but none of the fast rhythms of Burgess's prose, and so the dialect seems much more arch than it does in the book. Many of the dialogue sequences go on and on, into a stupor of inactivity. Kubrick seems infatuated with the hypnotic possibilities of static setups; at times you feel as if you were trapped in front of the frames of a comic strip for a numbing ten minutes per frame. When Alex's correctional officer visits his home and he and Alex sit on a bed, the camera sits on the two of them. When Alex comes home from prison, his parents and the lodger who has displaced him are in the living room; Alex appeals to his seated, unloving parents for an inert eternity. Long after we've got the point, the composition is still telling us to appreciate its cleverness. This ponderous technique is hardly leavened by the structural use of classical music to characterize the sequences; each sequence is scored to Purcell (synthesized on a Moog), Rossini, or Beethoven, while Elgar and others are used for brief satiric effects. In the book, the doctor who has devised the conditioning treatment explains why the horror images used in it are set to music: "It's a useful emotional heightener." But the whole damned movie is heightened this way; yes, the music is effective, but the effect is self-important.

When I pass a newsstand and see the saintly, bearded, intellectual Kubrick on the cover of *Saturday Review*, I wonder: Do people notice things like the way Kubrick cuts to the rival teen-age gang before Alex and his hoods arrive to fight them, just so we can have the pleasure of watching that gang strip the struggling girl they mean to rape? Alex's voice is on the track announcing his arrival, but Kubrick can't wait for Alex to arrive, because then he couldn't show us as much. That girl is stripped for our benefit; it's the purest exploitation. Yet this film lusts for greatness, and I'm not sure that Kubrick knows how to make simple movies anymore, or that he cares to, either. I don't know how consciously he has thrown this film to youth; maybe he's more of a showman than he lets on—a lucky showman with opportunism built into the cells of his body. The film can work at a pop-fantasy level for a young audience already prepared to accept Alex's view of the society, ready to believe that that's how it is.

At the movies, we are gradually being conditioned to accept violence. The directors used to say they were showing us its real face and how ugly it was in order to sensitize us to its horrors. You don't have to be very keen to see that they are now in fact desensitizing us. They are saying that everyone is brutal,

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and the heroes must be as brutal as the villains or they turn into fools. There seems to be an assumption that if you're offended by movie brutality, you are somehow playing into the hands of the people who want censorship. But this would deny those of us who don't believe in censorship the use of the only counterbalance: the freedom of the press to say that there's anything conceivably damaging in these films—the freedom to analyze their implications. If we don't use this critical freedom, we are implicitly saying that no brutality is too much for us—that only squares and people who believe in censorship are concerned with brutality. Actually, those who believe in censorship are primarily concerned with sex, and they generally worry about violence only when it's eroticized. This means that practically no one raises the issue of the possible cumulative effects of movie brutality. Yet surely, when night after night atrocities are served up to us as entertainment, it's worth some anxiety. We become clockwork oranges if we accept all this pop culture without asking what's in it. How can people go on talking about the dazzling brilliance of movies and not notice that the directors are sucking up to the thugs in the audience?

—PAULINE KAEL

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Muncie (Ind.) Star*]

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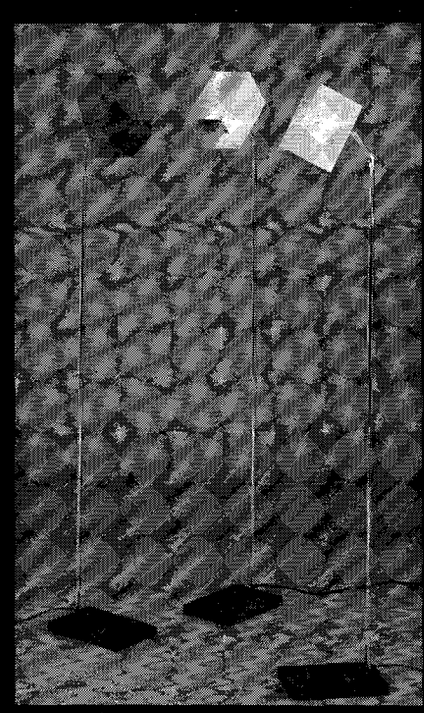

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LETTER FROM THE AZORES

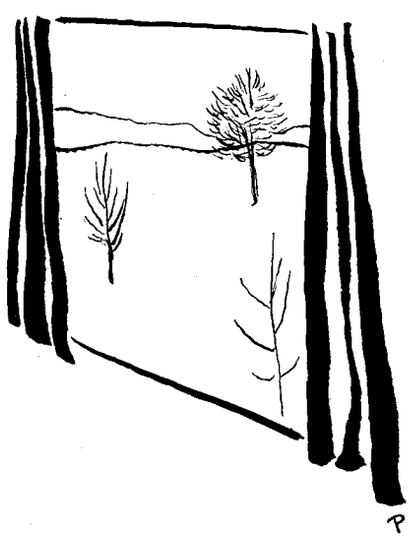
DECEMBER 14

PRESIDENT NIXON spent approximately forty-one hours, between the evening of Sunday and the early afternoon of Tuesday of this week, on Terceira Island, in the archipelago of the Azores—a string of nine stunningly beautiful volcanic islands in the middle of the north Atlantic—negotiating with President Georges Pompidou of France the historic agreement under which the dollar was to be devalued in return for the revaluation of other main world currencies and for a commitment to discuss trade concessions with the European Economic Community. The Azores Agreement will, I presume, go down in history as one of the great international accords of the postwar era. It not only marked the first time in thirty-seven years that the dollar has been devalued in terms of gold but also made official the existence of the new relationship of virtual economic equality of the United States, Western Europe, and Japan. Both President Nixon and President Pompidou seemed to be aware that this was a historic moment as they stood in the rose garden of the Junta Geral—the lovely old town hall of Angra, in which they had just completed a final five-hour negotiating session—and squinted in the bright sun, waiting for the television and press cameramen to finish their filming and photographing.

Mr. Nixon gave the impression of being totally exhausted. He stumbled over every other word of a brief improvised statement he delivered to hundreds of newsmen in the rose garden. President Pompidou, on the other hand, appeared to feel fine, and after the exchanges in the garden of the Junta Geral he was driven four blocks to the Hotel Angra, the only hotel in town, for an apéritif and a chat with French reporters. President Pompidou, of course, had a special reason to celebrate, as one of my French colleagues made a point of reminding me. Major international agreements are normally reached in drawn-out meetings involving the leaders of a number of nations, but here the great monetary bargain was struck by President Nixon and President Pompidou alone. During the Second World War and immediately thereafter, Charles de Gaulle was excluded from the Allied meetings. He was absent from Yalta, as he had been absent from Cairo and from Tehran and would be absent from Potsdam and all the other Anglo-American conferences that organized the postwar world. In the Azores, however, his heir designate, M. Pompidou, faced the American President alone as, in effect, the spokesman for the rest of the industrialized Western world. Watching President Pompidou, I had the uncanny impression that he had adopted General de Gaulle's demeanor and style—and, in fact, was beginning to look like de Gaulle.

President Pompidou also performed an airborne act of one-upmanship, flying from Paris to Terceira on Sunday aboard a Concorde, the French supersonic airliner. The Concorde landed at Lajes Field, which is the vast Azores airbase used by the United States, in zero visibility and in a driving rain, about two hours before President Nixon's much slower Boeing 707, the Spirit of '76, chugged in from Andrews Air Force Base, near Washington. Mr. Nixon spotted the Concorde as soon as he landed—the weather had improved by then—and the French supersonic plane became a virtual obsession with him for the next two days.

Mr. Nixon, who has evidently not recovered from Congress's rejection of the SST, complimented M. Pompidou on the Concorde the moment they first met, on Monday morning. Delivering a toast at a black-tie dinner given Monday evening by Premier Marcello Caetano of Portugal, their host on the Azores, President Nixon again mused upon the Concorde but said that he was not envious. After the final Presidential meeting, on Tuesday, Mr. Nixon was flown back to Lajes by a United States Marine Corps helicopter (having helicopters along is the standard American air one-upmanship connected with most Presidential trips) to board the Spirit of '76 for the flight home. Then, having already reviewed an honor guard of American and Portuguese airmen, and having said goodbye to Premier Caetano, Mr. Nixon suddenly made a sharp right turn on the tarmac, away from the Spirit of '76, and sauntered up to the Concorde. Henri Ziegler, the president of the Société Nationale Industrielle Aérospatiale—the French aerospace industrial group that, together with the British, built the Concorde—was aboard, evidently awaiting President Pompidou (who depended on his black Citroën to get him to the airport), and he offered to brief Mr. Nixon on the plane. As the President looked at the Concorde's electronic and computer equipment, and studied maps showing how much closer in time the continents have become because of the Concorde's speed, he told M. Ziegler, "You make me sadder every minute." Turning to four American reporters who had travelled with him on the Spirit of '76, Mr. Nixon said, "We'll start late, but we'll catch up."



PROBABLY one reason Mr. Nixon seemed exhausted at the end of the Azores conference was the furious pace of his activities on this trip, following the events of the previous week in Washington. The Azores meeting with M. Pompidou was the second of a series of conferences that Mr. Nixon set up with Western leaders before his trips to Peking next February and to Moscow next May. The third one would be the Bermuda encounter with Britain's Prime Minister, Edward Heath. When these meetings were originally conceived by the White House, in mid-November, the idea behind them was that they would be essentially courtesy get-togethers and window dressing to stress Western unity. But the international financial crisis that Mr. Nixon set off on August 15th with his restrictive measures to shore up the American balance of payments immediately overshadowed all other aspects of his consultations with other heads of government. When Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the Canadian Prime Minister, flew to Washington the Monday before the Azores trip, his discussion with the President was devoted largely to financial and trade questions and to the nagging problem of excessive American investments in Canada. Mr. Trudeau afterward declared himself satisfied that the United States did not have a deliberate policy of "gobbling up" Canada through investment. For the next three days, Mr. Nixon played host to General Emílio Garrastazú Médici, the President of Brazil, whose official visit just happened to have been scheduled for that week, as had the visit of Hubert Maga,

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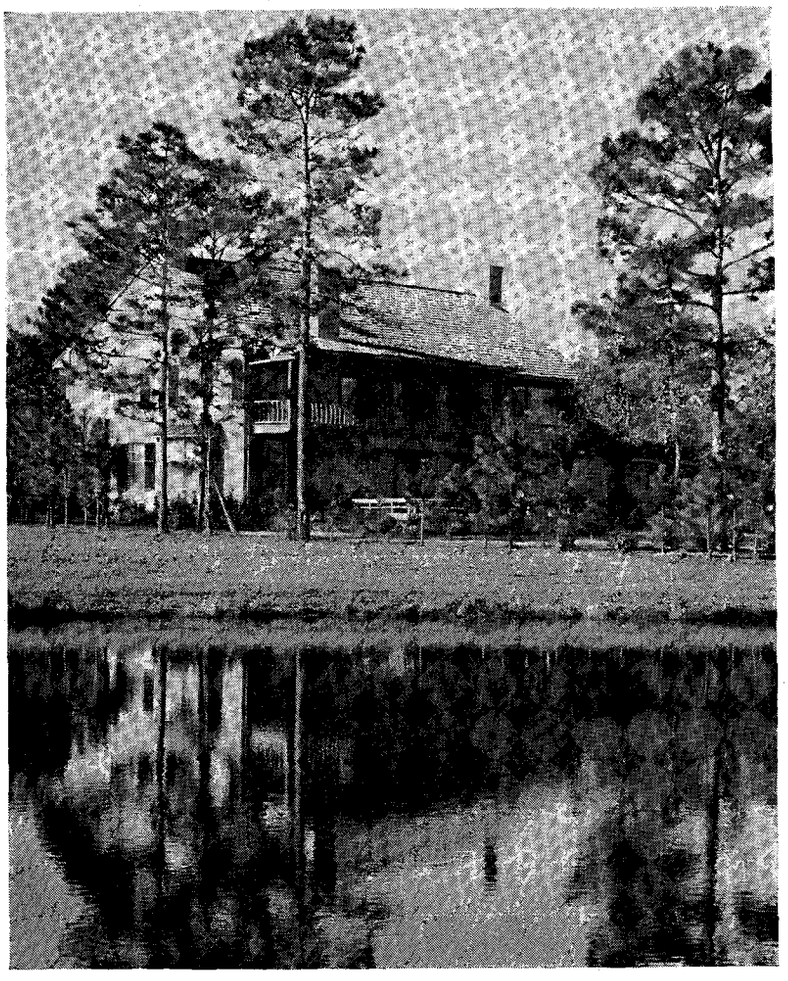
the President of Dahomey, on Thursday. This meant lengthy political conferences and three Presidential dinners in one week, which is a bit much when added to the normal Presidential problems—problems that were aggravated at that point by the Indo-Pakistani War.

During the forty-one hours in the Azores (after two days of work and rest at Camp David, Maryland, and the five-hour flight from Andrews), Mr. Nixon set out to demonstrate his stamina in a variety of ways. He started his activities on Terceira, where he landed at 10 P.M., Azores time, by holding an hour-long conference with Premier Caetano at the home of Brigadier General Thomas A. Aldrich, who is the Commander of the United States Air Forces in the Azores and the Air Force's leading weather expert. (Mr. Nixon stayed at General Aldrich's home during his visit to the island.) The meeting with Premier Caetano, who in 1968 replaced the late António de Oliveira Salazar as the dictator of Portugal, was pleasant, routine diplomacy. The United States has had no problems with Portugal under the Nixon Administration. Two days before the President and his party left for the Azores, Secretary of State William P. Rogers and the Portuguese Foreign Minister, Rui Manuel de Medeiros d'Espinay Patrício, exchanged diplomatic notes reviving until February, 1974, the agreement allowing the United States to use the Lajes air facility and a small naval station at Praia da Vitória, east of Lajes. The original agreement expired in December, 1962, and at that time the two governments could not decide on a renewal agreement, because the United States was then outspokenly anti-colonial in its policies, and Premier Salazar, fighting nationalist guerrillas in Angola, Mozambique, and Portuguese Guinea, was furious with Washington. I remember interviewing Salazar at his Lisbon home in March of 1966 and listening to his bitter criticism of the American policies in Africa. Portugal would not expel the Americans from the Azores, he said, but it would not sign another formal agreement until Washington had altered its policies. The Portuguese let the United States go on using the Azores for nine years without any formal agreement, as an act of "courtesy" by the Portuguese government. Portugal had at no time asked for or received any direct form of payment for the Azores bases since they were made available to Britain and the United States, in 1943. It is generally



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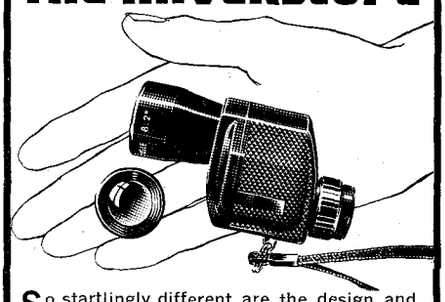

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accepted that the Azores airbases—first on the island of Santa Maria and then on Terceira—played a key role in the Battle of the Atlantic against Nazi U-boats, because British and American hunter planes could be stationed there; they were also refuelling stations in the traffic of United States forces to Europe and Africa. Thousands of Allied planes went through the Azores, which are two-thirds of the way from the United States to Europe or to Africa. Salazar made the bases available to the Allies even though his sympathies were supposedly pro-Axis, and even though in 1943 the outcome of the war was highly uncertain. John C. Wiley, who served as American Ambassador to Portugal after the war, once told me of conversations he had with Salazar when they were negotiating the first extension of the wartime agreement. The Portuguese had felt a moral duty to help Britain, Salazar said at the time, because the Anglo-Portuguese Alliance of 1386 remained in force. "Salazar said, 'We Portuguese are peculiar, old-fashioned people,' and said that an alliance is just as good five hundred and fifty-seven years later as it was on the day it was signed," Wiley recounted.

In any event, the airbase at Lajes (the United States gave up the base on Santa Maria years ago) is a significant factor in the life of Terceira Island, even twenty-eight years after it was built. To be sure, the operation is now relatively modest—Lajes handles only about three hundred and fifty aircraft a month—but it still has forty-four hundred Americans, including the families of the men stationed at the base, and it provides employment for nearly seventeen hundred citizens of Terceira. A rough calculation indicates that the base provides the island with a total revenue of about thirteen million dollars annually, and is thus Terceira's principal industry, and I haven't met anyone in the Azores who is agitating for the removal of Lajes.

The official fiction is that Lajes is Base No. 4 of the Portuguese Air Force, and that the Americans, represented by the 1605th Air Base Wing, are merely stationed there. In reality, the base is largely operated by the United States. When the lapsed agreement was revived on December 10th, the United States, for the first time, agreed to compensate Portugal financially for the rights to the base. The new agreement calls for thirty million dollars in commodity loans to Portugal and a commitment by the United States that the Export-Import Bank would finance up to four hundred million dollars' worth of American equipment for economic-development projects in mainland Portugal. (Representative Charles Diggs, of Michigan, who is black, resigned from the American delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, partly in protest against this assistance to what he called a country engaged in colonial warfare in Africa. This marked the first time a member of Congress has ever resigned from the delegation in mid-session.)

AFTER Premier Caetano left the General's residence on Sunday night, the President checked the latest dispatches from Washington and the United Nations and turned in. First, however, he confirmed arrangements for Henry A. Kissinger, his Assistant for National Security Affairs, to have a private breakfast with President Pompidou at an eleven-room seaside inn at Serreta, a resort on the west coast of Terceira, where the French were staying.

Because of the choice of Serreta as M. Pompidou's residence, he could not enjoy the luxury of helicopter flights. The inn is built on a terrace overlooking an ocean bluff, and, according to French Air Force personnel, there was no spot within miles where a helicopter could land. The French had shipped some helicopters to the Azores aboard the Henri Poincaré, which was anchored off Praia da Vitória, but they remained on board. Probably the best French idea of the week was to arrange for a Portuguese liner, the Funchal, to serve as a floating hotel for the newspapermen and television crews who had flown in from Paris. They were more luxuriously housed than the American reporters, who stayed at the Visiting Officers' Quarters at Lajes.

Monday morning, Kissinger drove to Serreta for breakfast at dawn. We reporters left for Angra by bus at 7:30 A.M., and the President flew the dozen miles to the town two hours later. Terceira's maximum length is nineteen miles and its maximum width thirteen miles, but the island is such a maze of mountain peaks (Santa Barbara, which rises thirty-five hundred feet, is the highest), volcanic craters, sheer drops, stone walls, and the like that it takes a bus an hour to get from Lajes to Angra. The drive is quite beautiful.

THE Junta Geral, the site of the Presidential conference, stands at the corner of Rio de Janeiro and Con-

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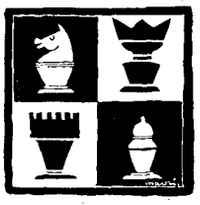
selheiro Jacinto Cândido Streets, which intersect at the top of one of Angra's many hills. To make the salons of Junta Geral more pleasing to the two Presidents, antique furniture was flown in from the mainland. Also flown in from the mainland were contingents of uniformed police and plainclothesmen to work with American and French Secret Service agents. The agents and other people with official connections could be spotted by their walkie-talkies and earpiece receivers. They all appeared to be engaged in a mysterious, permanent conversation from which everybody else was shut out; it was as if they lived in a private high-frequency world.



The Angra press headquarters was set up in the extraordinarily beautiful Palácio Bettencourt, which was built in the seventeenth century and served for years as Angra's public library and museum. The library and the museum were moved last year, and the palace had since been standing vacant. It made an ideal press center, because it was just across the street from the Junta Geral. Telex machines were set up in a bar downstairs, under stone arches and against a wall decorated with blue *azulejos*, the Dutch painted tiles that have been a part of Portuguese architecture for the last four centuries. Below the palace is the sixteenth-century cathedral of Angra. I went there, walking past a line of Mercedes-Benz taxis, and found it one of the most interesting old churches I had seen in a long time. It has a carved-cedar ceiling—a strikingly intricate piece of work—and before the altar I could see a chiselled-silver antependium.

Angra, which now has a population of some eighteen thousand, is a very old seafaring town. Terceira Island (the name was given it because it was the third in the archipelago to be sighted) was discovered circa 1427, but the Azores had appeared on maps as early as 1350 and had been described by Arab geographers in the twelfth century. The word "Azores" comes from "*açor*," which is an old-fashioned Portuguese word for "hawk." Angra was made a bishopric by Pope Paul III in 1534, in recognition of its importance in the voyages to the New World, and it was Terceira navigators who were among the earliest explorers of the Canadian coast. Terceira Island and Angra have had a highly eventful history. Late in the sixteenth century, for instance, the Spaniards occupied Terceira but were driven back to sea by a downhill charge of wild bulls set loose by the patriotic islanders. Cattle, less heroic but of high quality, remain a mainstay of the island. Milk, butter, and cheese are exported to mainland Portugal and North Africa.

The Terceira cheese, I found, is excellent, particularly with a very dry white wine that comes from nearby Pico Island, or with Biscoitos wine, from the northern section of Terceira. I became aware of this excellence on Tuesday morning as I sat on the terrace of a restaurant called Beira-Mar, which overlooks the harbor, and listened to *fado* over the radio while I awaited the end of the Nixon-Pompidou conference, which was being held three blocks away. The owner of Beira-Mar, a youngish man with a serious mien, told me that Pico wine is a link between the Azores and the Soviet Union. Before the revolution of 1917, the imperial court at St. Petersburg annually imported a number of barrels of Pico wine. Ten years ago, the restaurateur told me, a Soviet warship put in at Terceira and an officer inquired about the Pico, saying that he had heard about it at his grandparents' house. He bought a cask of it, and, according to the restaurant owner, the Soviet Union now imports about ten barrels of this wine annually.

LONG before the Americans came to the Azores, the people of the islands had been emigrating to the United States, because this volcanic archipelago, fertile though its soil is, has always been overpopulated. One reason for the overpopulation, ironically, is that living standards are so much higher in the Azores than in metropolitan Portugal that many people come to the islands from the mainland. Farming and fishing—especially whaling—had made the Azores prosperous, and on the drive Monday morning from Lajes to Angra I was struck by the high quality of the buildings in the villages, the affluent appearance of the inhabitants, and the well-tended fields. Having lived in Spain and Portugal for three years not long ago, I was amazed at how much better off these isolated islands are than the Iberian Peninsula. The Azores people who left for the United States settled in New England and, later, in California—especially around San Jose. I was told of one California bank that keeps track of all the Azores people in the United States, in order to inform relatives in the islands when they come into an inheritance. Commercial jet service originat-

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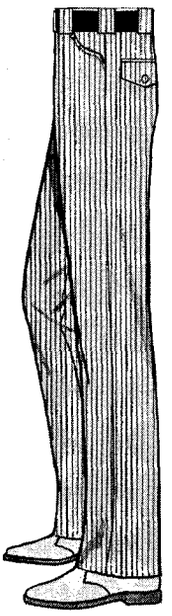

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29	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
30	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
32	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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ing in Lisbon links the Azores with New York and Boston and permits a great deal of visiting back and forth in the families.

The only cultural impact I could detect of the American presence on Terceira was that almost everybody in Angra spoke English, either haltingly or well. Otherwise, Angra remains a totally insular Portuguese town, with cobbled streets, ancient forts and churches, whitewashed houses with red roofs, and a romantic port, on Angra Bay, from which whalers still leave to hunt with hand-thrown harpoons. In the verdant countryside, the houses are painted pink or blue or green—a Portuguese tradition—and their roofs are surmounted by unusual chimneys, called *junta-mãos*, because they look like the fingers of two hands placed together as in the child's game of "Here is the church, here is the steeple." Because the trade winds always blow over the Azores, smoke would back up in normal chimneys, but it flows safely from long horizontal slits in the *junta-mãos*. In the vicinity of Lajes, a few local houses have been rented to Americans, and television antennas now rise over the *junta-mãos*. There is no Portuguese television on the Azores, but there is a local station of the American Forces Radio and Television Service on the base.

The A.F.R.T.S. made it possible for President Nixon to listen to portions of the Washington Redskins' game with the Los Angeles Rams on Monday night. Returning from Premier Caetano's dinner, he worked until 1:30 A.M. Tuesday, at the General's residence. He became so angry over a report from New York that the Soviet Union, in the Security Council, had vetoed for a third time a resolution calling for a cease-fire in the Indo-Pakistani War that he sent Ron Ziegler, his press secretary, out to rouse the newsmen in their billets with a Presidential statement deploring the Russians' action. Then he turned on the broadcast of the football game and cheered as the Redskins beat the Rams, 38–24. At every Redskins touchdown, Mr. Nixon telephoned Secretary of State Rogers, who was trying to get some sleep in his quarters nearby, to make sure he knew about it.

ON Tuesday morning, about halfway through the final Presidential conference at the Junta Geral, Secretary Rogers and the French Foreign Minister, Maurice Schumann, came in sight strolling along the harbor below my wine-and-cheese terrace. The two statesmen, followed by a phalanx of cameramen, were taking the sun and shopping. By the time the Presidential meeting ended and the news of the dollar devaluation was flashed to the world, President Nixon and President Pompidou had spent twelve hours together, in three long conferences—two on Monday and one on Tuesday—and at the Caetano dinner. Simultaneously, meetings had taken place between Rogers and Schumann and between Secretary of the Treasury John B. Connally, Jr., and French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, an urbane but uncompromisingly tough negotiator. Monday night, Connally had called a press conference at Lajes and had warned of an unbreakable deadlock at the Azores meeting. But on Tuesday morning Mr. Nixon had again dispatched Kissinger to breakfast with President Pompidou. When he met M. Pompidou at the Junta Geral at ten o'clock that morning, the outlook for an agreement was still dim. By noon, an accord had taken shape. Shortly before 1 P.M., Secretary Connally, M. Giscard d'Estaing, and some of the others were called in to draft a joint statement announcing that the dollar would be devalued. At 1:38 P.M., the two Presidents walked out of the Junta Geral into the garden. They climbed onto a red-carpeted platform and smiled at each other, and then Mr. Nixon, clearing his throat, proceeded to make his statement, slowly and painfully.

—Tad Szulc

° °

ON ACTORS SCRIBBLING LETTERS VERY QUICKLY IN CRUCIAL SCENES

The velocity with which they write—
Don't you know it? It's from the heart.
They are acting the whole part out.
Love! has taken them up
Like writing to god in the night.
Meet me! I'm dying! Come at once!
The crisis is on them, the shock
Drives from the nerve to the pen,
Pours from the blood into ink.

—Jean Garrigue

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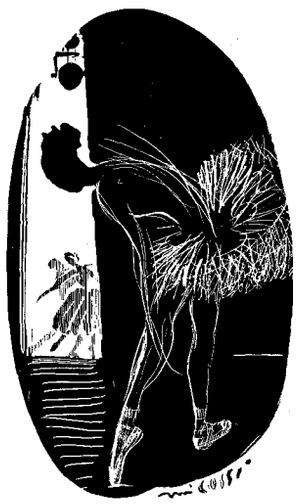
MUSICAL EVENTS

Books and the Doldrums

AMONG the books that have been accumulating on my desk recently is a thoughtful one called "Paths to Modern Music," by Laurence Davies (Scribners). Professor Davies, an educational psychologist at the University of Wales, is particularly interested in music. I reviewed his "Cesar Franck and His Circle" some time ago. The new book attempts to examine the roots of the crisis in musical composition that is so obvious in our period, and his conclusion, following a rather discursive series of chapters, is that we have reached the death of music and are awaiting its rebirth. He is aware that the musical audience is not accepting what purports to be the music of the current era, and he goes back into musical history to try to find where the wrong turning was. Naturally, he begins with Richard Wagner, and notes the enormous popularity of his music, not only in his native Germany but in France as well, pointing out that even Claude Debussy was a Wagnerian until he distilled his own particular idiom from Wagner's style. He is ambivalent about Richard Strauss, noting that some people call his music "lush"—a rather common epithet among anti-Straussians—but he blames Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Strauss's librettist, for a good deal of what he dislikes in the operas of that composer. The book is written from a very British point of view. For example, I am somewhat surprised to read that, according to Professor Davies, one of the earliest London performances of Mahler's Second Symphony took place in 1949. I can remember a performance of it in as remote and comparatively provincial a city as San Francisco as early as 1922. He notes that Arnold Schoenberg had very little formal musical education and didn't take up music seriously until rather late, but he fails to attribute the absurdities of the twelve-tone system to these causes. He also says that Schoenberg had hardly any knowledge of music history, and tries to refute one Tim Souster, who wrote of Schoenberg's "historical obsession." Professor Davies does not realize that this obsession was not with history per se but with Marxist historical theory. He also takes very seriously the writings of that mercurial and inconsistent *enfant terrible* Pierre Boulez. And he is prone, now and then, to the sort of *ad-hominem* criticism that made Sainte-Beuve consider Stendhal a poor writer because his habits as a man were reprehensible. Thus, Massenet was a "slick and histrionic" composer and a cynical and effeminate man, while Alban Berg was one of the most likable of men, and a composer of great distinction. And Sibelius was a bad fellow because he kept secret for so many years the fact that he wasn't writing the eighth symphony everybody was expecting of him.



However, Professor Davies makes some interesting points, too. One of them is that Anton Webern, rather than Schoenberg, has had the greatest influence on future composers, and he is certainly right about that. Whether this was because of the anarchic elements in Webern's music, he does not presume to decide. He does refer, though, to the departure from "form" among avant-garde composers. Professor Davies is a supporter of the idea of the aristocracy of art. It is not for the masses, and any compromise with the type of music written for the masses leads, in his opinion, to mid-cult art, which he deplores. But he notes that the art of composing has become so arcane that nobody can understand it except composers. In his dislike for mid-cult, he quotes Joseph Kerman's silly remark that Puccini's "Tosca" is a "shabby little shocker," and he speaks of Rachmaninoff's "infamous Prelude in C Sharp Minor," and Rachmaninoff's "appalling popularity." Such adolescent remarks (adolescent to me, at least) considerably mar an otherwise serious discussion. And there are more of them.

Curiously, Professor Davies considers Stravinsky—one of the most influential figures in the development of contemporary music—as purely a littérateur. And this is ironic, not only because he ignores Stravinsky's music but because those who knew Stravinsky know that he was fluent only in Russian and French, and that his numerous writings in English in recent years were the work of his amanuensis, Robert Craft, who extracted a good deal of Stravinsky's prose style from French and the composer's halting English and presumably added a good deal of his own. And when Professor Davies turns to American music he picks for discussion Virgil Thomson, barely mentioning Aaron Copland and ignoring Samuel Barber. He is quite correct, however, in distinguishing mere sound from music, in denouncing John Cage's irrationalism, and in deploring the kind of music now taught in American universities.

I am afraid that in picking out these faults I am overlooking the general interest and stimulative quality of the book. Professor Davies is a crusader for the music of Albert Roussel, and I am always interested in crusades. Maybe we ought to mount Roussel's opera "Padmâvatî." To judge by Professor Davies' enthusiasm, we are missing something. He suggests that critics today are often afflicted with a "Hanslick complex"—they do not want to go down in history as not recognizing the genius of the great composers of their day. (Hanslick was famous for not recognizing the genius of Wagner and Bruckner, among others.) I don't know what critics Professor Davies has been reading. Certainly not this one. I have always respected Hanslick. He was wrong about Wagner and Bruckner, and his musical aesthetics were confused. But he fulfilled what to me is the critic's prime function—he spoke his mind, letting the chips fall where they might.

THREE of my onetime colleagues have written books about music. Virgil Thomson's "American Music Since 1910" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is a sane, well-reasoned appraisal of the work of a hundred and six composers that puts John Cage firmly in his place and describes the compositions of others with wisdom and detachment. Paul Henry Lang's "Critic at the Opera" (Norton) is not at all what its title suggests. No hot-off-the-griddle criticisms. Not a single performing artist is mentioned. "Critic at the Opera" is actually a learned though incomplete history of operatic composition, and should have been given a title that suggested as much. Robert Lawrence's "A Rage for Opera" (Dodd, Mead) is a love letter to this art form, a compendium of operatic folklore, and a revealing account of what goes on backstage. It also contains a shrewd critical appraisal of the talents of many an operatic star. This I recommend highly to the general reader. Add to

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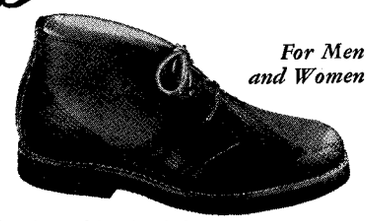

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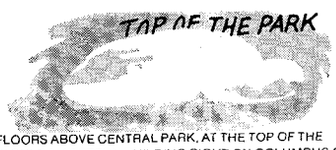

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these a new edition of Nicolas Slonimsky's valuable chronological compilation "Music Since 1900" (Scribners), and a beautiful picture book entitled "Chagall at the Met," containing reproductions of that artist's scenery for Mozart's "The Magic Flute," with commentary by Emily Genauer (Tudor, $37.50).

APART from ceremonial performances of Handel's "Messiah," we are in the Christmas doldrums. I did attend a performance of "Hansel and Gretel" by Engelbert Humperdinck (the real one) at the Metropolitan last Wednesday night. This production has, I think, been unjustly snubbed by most of my colleagues, on the ground that Mr. Bing ought to be doing something more modern and unusual—a point that has nothing to do with the intrinsic virtues of either the opera or the production. With scenery by Robert O'Hearn and staging by Nathaniel Merrill, this is a splendid realization of a charming if somewhat innocent fantasy that ought to be continuously in the repertoire. The music is enchanting and of very fine workmanship. The action, though it depicts a children's fairy tale, is highly amusing to adults as well as youngsters. The English translation, by Norman Kelley, is certainly serviceable, and at times quite funny. I have never witnessed a performance in which Hansel and Gretel are as skillfully and convincingly done as they are by Rosalind Elias and Teresa Stratas. Lili Chookasian and William Walker are all one can ask for as Gertrude and Peter, the father and mother of the pair, and Raeschelle Potter and Loretta di Franco make a good Sandman and Dewfairy, respectively. But, as is to be expected, it is the Witch who steals the show, in the person of Andrea Velis, a familiar comprimario, whose screeching and evil giggling, as well as his singing and chattering, make a memorable character, up to the point at which he is executed by demolition.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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As reported last week, Mr. Nixon leads Kennedy 44 to 41 percent, with 10 percent for Walla Wallace.—*George Gallup in the Boston Globe.*

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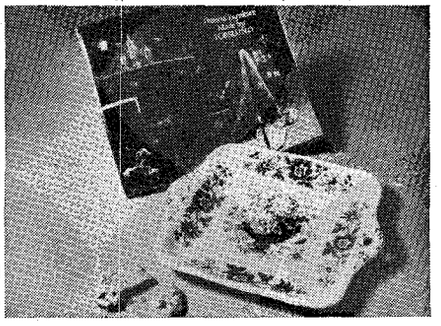

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BOOKS

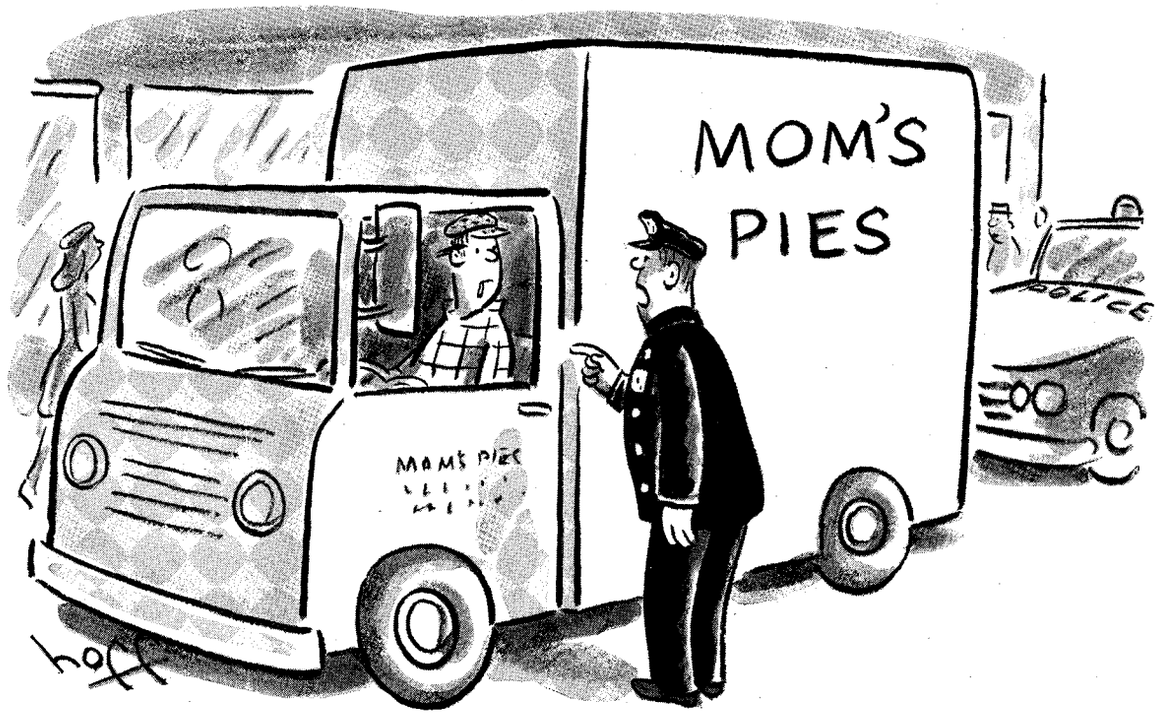
The Arts of Memory

IT is exceedingly rare—it may have happened only once—that a historian gives his own name to a way of writing, of thinking history. "To namierize" means to study political institutions, processes of political and social change, particularly those of parliamentary regimes, by means of a minute analysis of the motives, party status, and local fidelities of politicians. A "namierite" account of the great changes in English life in the latter part of the eighteenth century or at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 will start from close scrutiny of electoral rolls, of private and factional alliances between patrons and political clients, between county and borough. It will aim at an anatomy as nearly complete as possible of the voting process in Parliament—an anatomy based on knowledge of why each member voted as he did. "Namierite" history seeks to elucidate the organic proceedings of government at a molecular level. Conversely, it will tend to underplay the inspirational or symbolic aspects of political behavior, the accidents of individual genius or mass emotion, but it does not banish mind from history; it strives to locate all impulses to political action in a context of documented, rationally explicable economic, social, and strategic motivation.

"Namierism" was more in vogue in the fifties and early sixties than it is now. The bias of analysis has shifted toward the frankly psychological, toward an attempt to grasp the roots of political attitude in the individual psyche, even in the subconscious. Anthropology and psychology have provided the historian with a heightened alertness to the role of metaphor, of ritual, and of irrational or instinctual energies in social development. The radicalism and academic malaise of the sixties have impelled many gifted historians away from the study of formal bureaucratic systems—now become suspect—and toward the understanding and celebration of the voiceless multitude outside. Penitence and pastoralism characterize much of current historical feeling. Nevertheless, most professional historians would agree that "namierism" marked an important moment in the history of their craft. Even if this word is fading, many of the techniques and concepts it embodies have become a part of the historian's arsenal, notably when he is dealing with the many-layered politics of Anglo-American democracy.

Lewis Bernsztajn vel Niemirowski was born at Wola Okrzejska, in Russian Poland, in 1888. Sir Lewis Namier, Fellow of the British Academy, honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, editor of the 1750-90 section of the projected official history of Parliament, died in London in August of 1960. Even by modern standards of uprootedness, the journey from Galicia and the Ukrainian birch woods to Whitehall and Pall Mall (Namier could often be seen in the sedate gloom of the Athenaeum) was tortuous and full of hidden cost. It led from Judaism to an odd brand of private Anglicanism, from a passionate involvement in the struggles of Ruthenian and Ukrainian minorities to a disenchanted yet almost mystical satisfaction in the traditional fabric of English society. Zionism and psychoanalysis, a domestic life of unsuspected eccentricity and emotional stress, psychosomatic illness and monstrous academic disappointments clotted Namier's career. Much of his work was never completed. If, in a recent tribute, one of his peers can describe Lewis Namier as the "towering outsider" of English historical writing, an equal stress lies on the two words. He carried exile with him, even when he was posted at the intellectual center. In his late years, the mouth was often bitter and the eyes strangely clouded.

Yet emotionally these years were the best—a fact due to Namier's marriage, in 1947, to his second wife, Julia de Beausobre. He found in Lady Namier, herself a writer stemming from a fascinating religious and political background in Russian Orthodoxy, an invaluable presence. During the last sixteen months of his life, this reticent, labyrinthine man began telling her all he could recall of his past in a lost world, of the stresses of his intellectual and political development. She was to be his biographer. What Lady Namier has produced is both more and less than a biography. "Lewis Namier" (Oxford University Press) does not attempt to deal with Sir Lewis's achievements as historian, as initiator of historical methods, as teacher of other historians. In one sense, therefore, this is a book without a logical core. Other vital elements in Namier's work are also treated mar-



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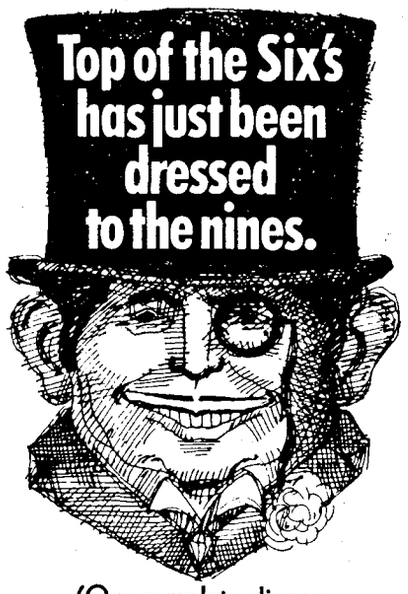

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ginally or, indeed, with a faint edge of distaste. The study of his unstable but lifelong involvement with Judaism and Israel has yet to be written. And it will demand quite exceptional erudition and spiritual tact. On the other hand, Lady Namier's account is far more revealing, far more confident of psychological penetration than could be that of almost any other biographer. Every page is instinct with her vivid sensibility and sense of style. Facts that are already complicated are made more so by the abrupt shortcuts and myopias of intimacy. The result is an absorbing memoir.

From the start, Namier was perspicacious in his friendships. The proper connections and an exceptional knowledge of the European political situation took the young Polish Jew to Balliol in 1908. There he came to understand that English society is a compact, often camouflaged organism whose lines of power are substantially private. The personal interest of Mrs. Edgar Dugdale, A. J. Balfour's vivacious, politically acute niece, was crucial. So was the early admiration for Namier's historical talents of H. A. L. Fisher, the well-known historian and tutor to the future Queen, and of A. L. Smith, the influential Senior History Tutor at Balliol. Friendship with the Prime Minister's niece, known as Baffy, quickly brought Namier into the charmed circle of English literary and political influence. It was through her that he was to meet Harold Macmillan, then a young partner in the family publishing house. Another prestigious backer was James Headlam-Morley, Namier's superior when he entered the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office. Baffy's discreet politicking lay behind a generous, initially anonymous grant from Julius Rosenwald, of Chicago, which enabled the young historian to complete the two long essays that make up his most famous book, "The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III" (1929). The world of country houses and London clubs not only gave Namier entrée into a profoundly alien, habitually xenophobic milieu but allowed him access to the archives, the journals, the royal and aristocratic correspondence on which he based his historical research. That milieu seemed to Namier the living aggregate of those unspoken alliances—empathies of caste and vision, ironies and trusts—that had imparted to English history its unique genius for compromise and ordered progress. Like Henry James, whom in many ways he oddly resembles, Lewis Namier was imaginatively and intellectually fascinated by the political strengths of snobbery, by the talent for unruffled retreat that privilege displays in the face of the unavoidable. This fascination, which brought into play an artist's eye for the telling posture or dictum, comes through the severely technical quality of Namier's second major work, the study of "England in the Age of the American Revolution" (1930).

Cutting across these commitments were the claims of Zionism. The young historian and consultant to the Foreign Office met Chaim Weizmann in Paris during the summer of 1919. A year later, Namier proclaimed himself a Zionist. The story of his role in the negotiations between Balfour and Weizmann, between the Zionist Organization and the Foreign Office, is of extreme complication. Lady Namier's scarcely disguised feeling that Namier sacrificed his genius and energies as a historian to the ungrateful cause of Palestine is hardly the whole story; Namier's incapacity to complete his major books on the eighteenth century, his turn in 1925 from full-scale historical writing to book-reviewing and essays on current politics had much deeper psychological and intellectual roots. It is true, nevertheless, that his attitudes toward Weizmann and the Zionist program were highly personal from the start and that his emotional investment in England inevitably complicated his loyalties to the intransigent claims of Jewish nationalism. That Weizmann never forgave Namier's somewhat obscure and histrionic later turn to Trinitarian Christianity is hardly surprising. It is fortunate that the founder of the State of Israel did not live to see his former collaborator standing by the Lake of Tiberias and murmuring, "Of course he walked on these waters. Could again."

But though Namier's sensibility was divided, and though the whole ambiguity of his relations to Judaism seems to have had acute psychosomatic effects, the two main commitments—that of the political historian and that of the unhoused Jew—came together magnificently in the thirties and forties. Frequently written at great haste and under pressure of immediate news, Namier's articles on and against Nazism may ultimately prove his finest legacy. Rereading the papers gathered in "Diplomatic Prelude: 1938-1939," in "Europe in Decay," in "In the Nazi Era," one is struck not only by the mastery of Namier's diagnoses, by the weaving of exact detail into breadth, but by the calm, by the faith in reason and human sanity that at-

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tenuates alarm. It is as if a great historian could make of the process of understanding a promise against chaos. Psychologically, Lewis Namier was often near suicide; nightmares ancient as infancy had sprung up in daylight. But his essays, his articles, the lectures he gave during those black years are marvels of saneness.

Many honors came to Namier, particularly after the war. But his academic career was deeply frustrating, and Lady Namier's reticence on this key issue is regrettable. If A. F. Pollard's testimony is accurate (and there is supporting evidence), Namier came top in the examination for an All Souls Fellowship in 1911 but was turned down because of his race. His later disappointments—his Chair of Modern History at Manchester was due to an exceptionally fortunate combination of circumstances—had related but more subtle causes. The English academic establishment, notably in the humanities, shuns great talent; it bridles at the tactless insistence of vision. Even those who most admired Namier often preferred to do so at a distance; his splendid intensity disconcerted. Being vulnerable, he sometimes lacked finesse, the soft gray touch of those whom social background and elegant mediocrity protect. In my days at Balliol, there was a legend about Arnold Toynbee's flight from the breakfast table on a chill morning when Namier bore in on him, imperceptive of hangover and underdone bacon, with the dread summons "Arnold, let us discuss the Eastern question." On two and, probably, three occasions even after 1945, by which time he was widely recognized as England's preëminent historian, Namier was passed over by Oxford. That the situation was an open scandal made it no easier to bear, and Sir Lewis's manner acquired a smoldering reserve. He remained an outsider to the end, one of that brilliant company of Eastern and Central Europeans—Nikolaus Pevsner, Isaiah Berlin, Martin Esslin, E. H. Gombrich—who have loved and enhanced English life with the special devotion of a guest.

THE contrast with Harold Acton could not be greater. Born in 1904 in his father's famous villa of La Pietra, in Florence, Acton belonged from the outset to those who know, who cultivate "everyone who is or was anyone." Photographs by Cecil Beaton, caresses from Dame Edith and Sir Osbert Sitwell, insult and sporadic affection from Evelyn Waugh. In his first memoir, covering the years to 1939, Harold Acton told of his childhood, of

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his early ambitions as a poet and novelist, of his life in China amid exquisite and secret things. The present volume, "Memoirs of an Aesthete 1939-1969" (Viking), carries the narrative to 1969. The canvas is varied: Acton returned to England from Peking and served with the R.A.F.; he was torpedoed in the Atlantic; he descended on Paris two months after the liberation; he saw the high life of the *belle époque* run to desolation and ration coupons in postwar London; he returned, finally, to the treasures of La Pietra, only to see floodwaters and oily scum overwhelm Florence on the night of November 3, 1966.

Much of this book is name-dropping: Lady Cunard, Cocteau, Bernard Berenson, Gore Vidal, Gertrude Stein, Somerset Maugham make their predictable appearances. The description of Marie-Laure de Noailles's Mardi Gras ball in Paris in 1956 is worthy of a gossip columnist at his ecstatic nadir: "Outside the fresh-fallen snow; inside *les neiges d'antan*." Indeed, the prose is often such as parody would blush at:

> I am only a snob in so far as I often want better company than my own. My imagination is historical, and as Doctor Johnson observed, "Were it not for imagination, Sir, a man would be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as of a Duchess." A pithy saying if applied to brief encounters, but it demonstrates the lexicographer's ignorance of the French duchesses, who were accomplished amorists. Finesse may treble the bliss of an embrace.

Yet, clearly, Acton makes himself out to be more brittle and mauve than he is. There is obvious physical courage in his career, and a profound talent for friendship. Infirmity and beauty gone solicit his compassion. Like many gregarious beings, Acton is, one suspects, an essentially shy and solitary person. Catholicism and certain private choices have made of him an exile. Via the mediation of Henry James, whom he emphatically admires, Acton's apartness and absorption in the rites of social life are not wholly incongruent with Namier's. For him, too, the eighteenth century is the chosen ground of European politics and high culture. Though Acton scarcely alludes to them or to the work and intellectual discipline involved, his "The Bourbons of Naples" (1956) and "The Last Bourbons of Naples" (1961) are a distinguished piece of historical narrative and *peinture de mœurs*.

The essential contrast is that between amateur and professional. If a man does not remain an amateur at as many points as possible, says Acton, he will know only one area of knowledge or of life and be to an extent a barbarian. As time passed, observes Julia Namier, "it became clear that L. B. Namier would remain a historian's historian," a craftsman whose métier could be gauged fully only by his colleagues. It is part of the genius of history that it will continue to have need of both. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DANZIGER TRANSCRIPT, by Carl Fick (Putnam). Peter Danziger, a veteran American journalist, has come under suspicion of dealing in some undefined way—possibly as a spy—with an unknown foreign power. Fired by his news agency under pressure from Washington, and understandably outraged, he goes to the capital to be interrogated by a military officer. The interrogation—a hostile, meandering affair—is transcribed in this novel, together with Danziger's solitary reminiscences during breaks in the proceedings. It is an unusual form for a novel, but, regrettably, it is not very interesting. As romance—as a review of Danziger's somewhat Bogartish life all over the world since the Second World War—the book is too fragmentary and sketchy. As political comment, it is too artificial—too loaded against the government. And as drama it is anticlimactic; despite all the bluster, the interrogation turns out not to have any effect on Danziger's case.

CAGES, by Paul Covert (Liveright). A sentimental first novel about a boyhood friendship that blossoms briefly in rural Pennsylvania and is brought cruelly to an end by an uncomprehending society. The two friends—fourteen-year-old students named Eric and Ward—seem to be present-day exaggerations of types created by Hemingway: Eric is robust and outdoorsy, and learns from his father (whom he refers to as the Old Man) that "dying is the easy part," while Ward is timid and emotional and possibly homosexual. The novel's best moments come when Eric, as narrator, can get a bit detached from his friend; some early fumblings with girls, a lesson in how to get bluejeans properly scuzzy, and Ward's ever-unsuccessful attempts to write a novel are especially memorable.

GENERAL

FLAUBERT: THE MASTER, by Enid Starkie (Atheneum). When this second volume of Miss Starkie's biography opens, Flaubert has published "Madame Bovary" and become famous. His next novel, "Salammbô," is a money-maker, but then "L'Éducation Sentimentale" is a flop, redeemed, both critically and commercially, by the success of "Trois Contes." A writer's life, then, with its ups and downs, but accompanied in this case by a wretched family tragedy going on and on—a tragedy that Flaubert refused to recognize as such; namely, the exploitation of a doting uncle (himself) by an icy niece and her swindling husband, a victimization that ended only with Flaubert's death, still blindly doting and nearly penniless. Miss Starkie, who died soon after completing this book, is concerned with clarifying the nature of Flaubert's work and portraying the man's own nature as well. She is, as she has always been, most entertaining when she is most opinionated, but the book's value is her practical, detailed research and the honesty of her critical judgment.

IN PURSUIT OF RELEVANCE, by Herbert J. Muller (Indiana). The questing approach and easy style of this book may (or may not) disguise the profundity of the author's endeavor. A university teacher of the humanities, Professor Muller wonders about the value of—and the values enshrined in—the traditional literary, historical, and philosophical curriculum, especially at present, when undergraduates have found it unconnected with their concerns or unhelpful to their problems. He examines the worth of the entire heritage of Western culture in a world transformed by industrialization, and scrutinizes, too, the "counter-culture" that has evolved as an alternative. Professor Muller is honest and earnest, though never humorless, and so learned that he knows what he does not know. In short, a very helpful book indeed.

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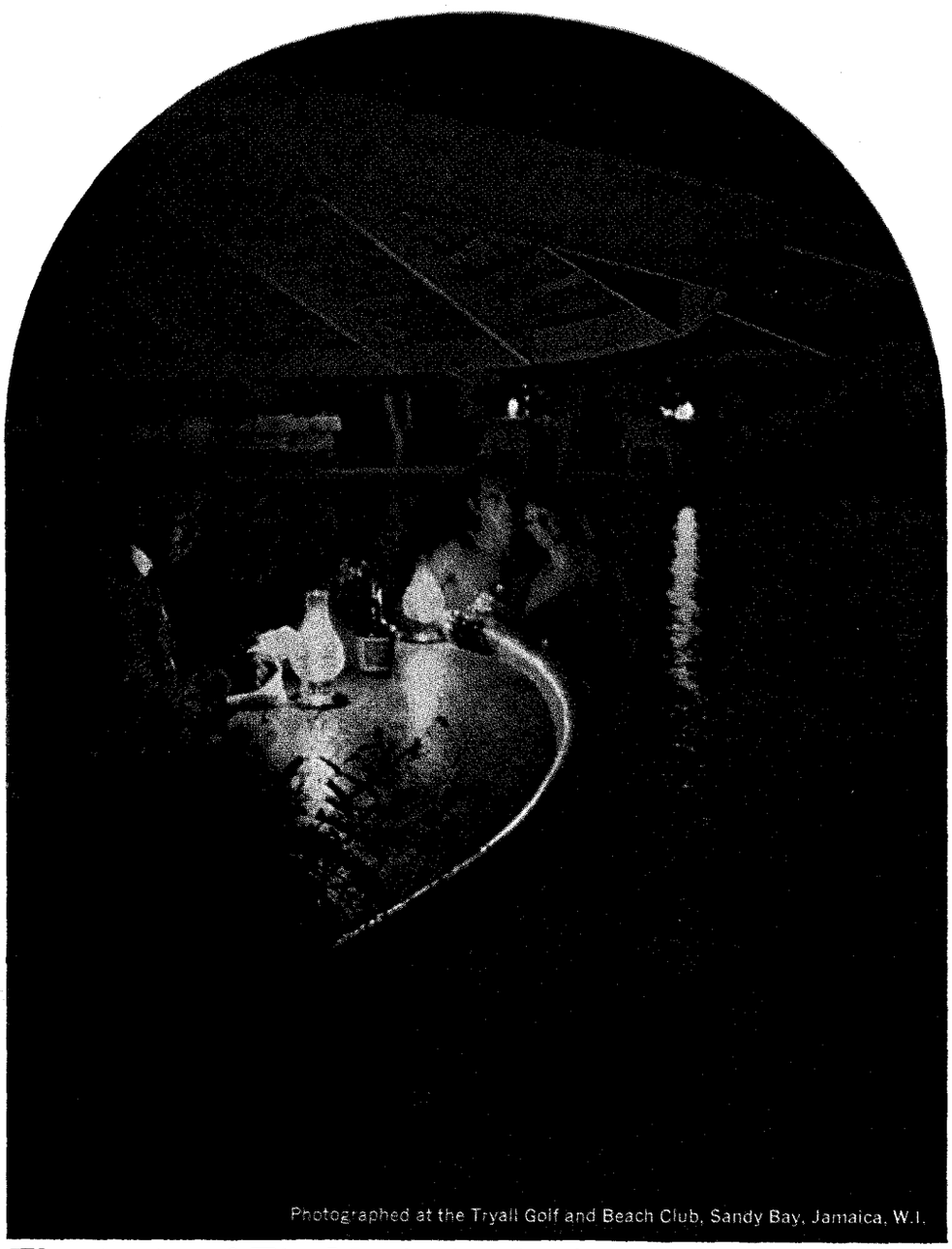

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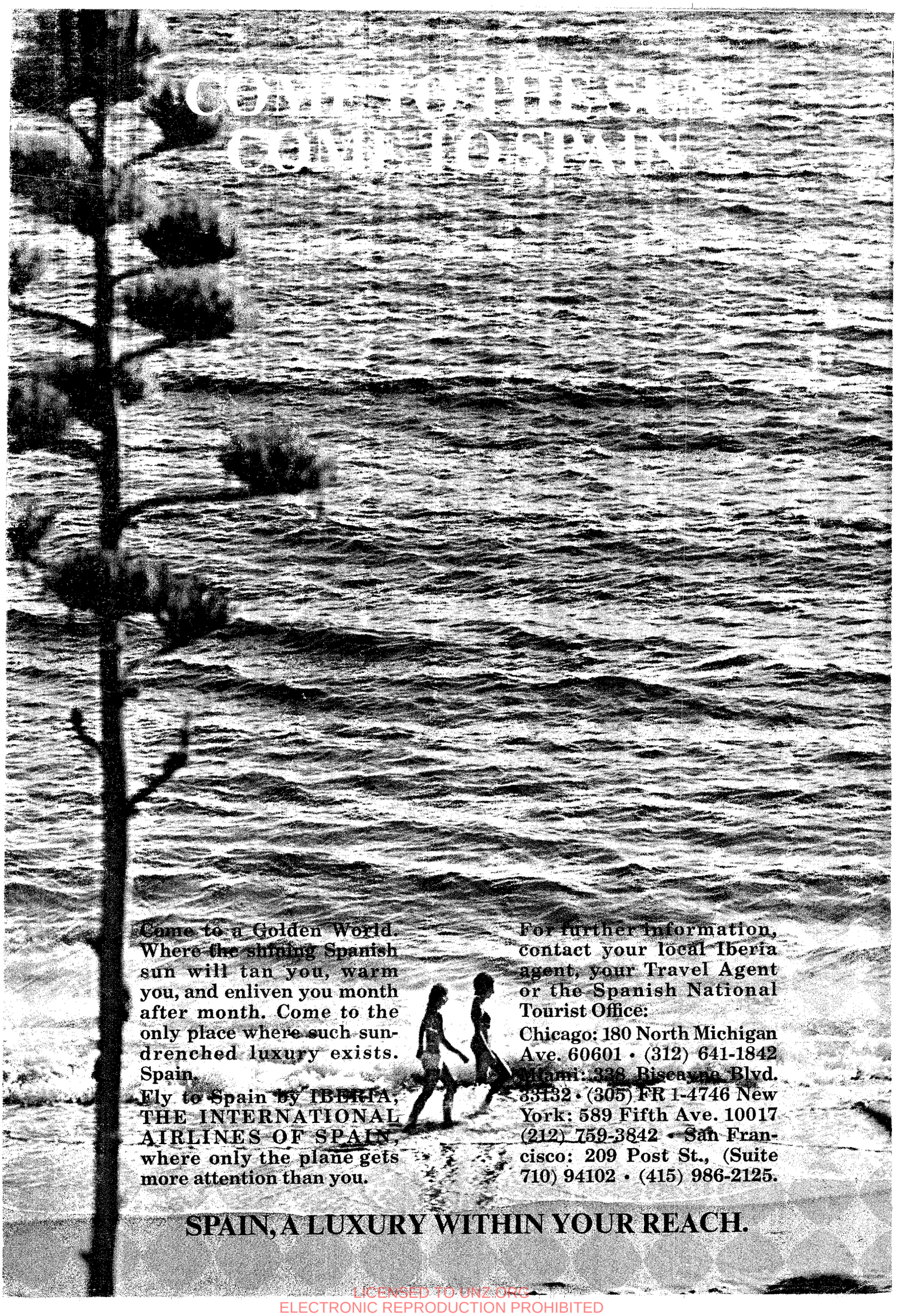

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